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AS RE-WRITTEN OR RE-ARRANGED BY HIS
SUCCESSORS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

As presented at the Dukes Theatre and
elsewhere *circa* 1664-1669

*Being the text of these so-restored Plays with
the First Folio Shakespeare text
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside=Restoration Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN AND WILLIS VICKERY



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The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

(The Text of the Folio of 1623, with that as made into a Play by Thomas Shadwell in 1678)

With a critical and historical Introduction in which the Play as written by William Shakespeare is compared with it as altered by Thomas Shadwell

BY

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THE GENERAL PREFACE TO THE BANKSIDE RESTORATION SERIES.

On the second day of September, in the year 1642, the Long Parliament passed “An ordinance of the Lords and Commons concerning Stage-Plays.” This ordinance provided as follows :

“Whereas, the distracted state of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted state of England threatened with a cloud of blood by Civil War, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these Judgments, amongst which Fasting and Prayer, having been often tried to be very effective, have been lately and still enjoined: and Whereas, Public Sports do not well agree with Public Calamities, nor Public Stage Plays with seasons of Humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pius solemnity, and the other being spectacles of Stage-Plays.”

“Pleasure so commonly expressing Lascivious Mirth and Levity; it is therefore, thought fit and ordained by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of Humiliation do continue, Public Stage Plays shall cease and be foreborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the Profitable and Seasonable considerations of Repentance, Reconciliation and Peace with God, which probably will produce outward Peace and prosperity, and bring again times of Joy and Gladness to the Nation.”

This was the first Ordinance of the Long Parliament against Stage-Plays and Interludes. Not being as effective as desired, on October twenty-second, 1647, a still more severe Ordinance was passed, entitled “For the Better Suppression of Stage-Plays, Interludes and Common Players.” But even this proved ineffectual. Though the public Theatres were closed in consequence, and Plays were contraband, yet stages were improvised at taverns, in booths and at Fairs, and mountebanks and strolling players of every description still supplied the masses with such theatricals as their tastes craved. Parliament therefore, February ninth, 1648, passed the most drastic measure of all, which declared “that all Stage-Players, and Players in Interludes and Common Players, are hereby declared to be, and are, and shall be taken to be, Rogues, and punished within the statutes of the thirty-ninth Elizabeth and the Seventh of the Reign of James the First.” The first cited of these Acts, the 39th Elizabeth, was the one entitled, “An act for the Punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds and Common Beggars,” and pro-

vided the severest punishment for all such as could be brought within these entitled classes—saving and excepting only such Players as might be under patronage of a Baron of the Realm or other honorable person of greater degree—who might continue to present and perform in Stage Plays and Interludes. But now the Parliament exempted nobody—and every Actor, Stage Player, and Player of Interludes—under whatsoever protection, was forbidden to present anything in the nature of a Play or an Interlude—subject to the penalties attaching to “Rogues, Vagabonds and Common Beggars,” under the statutes of Elizabeth and of James.

This closed all theatres, public and private, regular or improvised. Although sullenly conscious that the temptation of Puritan rulers was—not entirely without a certain satisfaction in the boredom of others not rulers—that, as Macauley expressed it, the sin of bear-bating lay, not in that it gave pain to the bear, but that it gave pleasure to the spectator,) the masses acquiesced—and, for a space, not only the Theatre, but all those sports and pastimes which had made England “Merry England,” were discontinued. Not to make long prayers, not to sing nasal psalms, or not to name ones children “Obejoyful” (!!!) or “If-Christ-Had-not-Died-for-thee-thou-Hadst-been-Damned”—or at the least Milchizedek or other large Old Testament name, was to be in league with the Devil or other Enemy of the Long Parliament, and therefore a traitor to one’s country.

It was a remark of M. Taine that the English are a sombre people—and that the miasma of the Fens which called forth the sombreness of Beowulf, still influences Englishmen, and compels them to go the whole way—when they go at all! But it was also a foregone conclusion that when the Re-action to this Hydraulic suppression of the elastic impulses of a whole people came—it would be a cosmic one!

The Re-action came when Charles the Second was crowned at Whitehall amid frantic acclamations of delight. And naturally the Drama—the Theatre—was the first to feel the inspiration of the new Regime! This Mons Pelée explosion does not, however, concern us here, except in so far as it brought Shakespeare back to his pedestal—to be “Reformed” and “Restored” however, to suit the uttermost Lulence and impropriety which could express the other extreme of the popular pendulum.

And there had also been another cause at work. Even before the Long Parliament, during the reigns of Charles the First, there had been a sensible decline of the Drama, and no single Dramatist of the first class. Fletcher,

the last of the Shakespearean Dramatists, was senile. Shirley was not important, and practically a generation had passed without any notable work being added to Dramatic Literature. When, therefore, the new Dispensation came in, and the theatres—closed—as Pepys deftly put it—(wiping out the ten years Commonwealth forever in as many words)—“since his majesty hath been so long abroad” re-opened—the first recourse for plays was to the past. And to what past was there recourse—but to the giant of the Elizabethan Drama—Shakespeare!

That Shakespeare, to be acceptable to this new age, must be rewritten “with Carpentry and French,” is so familiar that we need not again describe it. Nor were those antique Bores, the three Unities, too far away to further complicate matters. No doubt the gentleman who now straightway proceeded to “Make Plays” out of Shakespeare, believed that any amount of lubricity would be justified if only that Trinity of unkind Virgins presided over the proprieties (or, rather the Improprieties) they contemplated. The quarrel between the adherents of the two schools had not slept before the closing of the Theatres in 1642, and was readily taken up again, upon their reopening, at the time of The Restoration. The adherents of Jonson were reinforced by the King, who favored everything that was French, and who brought with him out of France the French ideas and tastes, as well as the French vices of the times. Upon the reopening of the Theatres, Dramatists were put to their wit’s end to supply the demand for new plays, and readily turned to the plays that had once been so popular and sought to adapt them to the stage of the period, and make them more popular by making them conform, not only to the Unities, now regarded as so essential, but to the latitudenarianism so everywhere in the air! Many other curiosities will appear in the analyses of this “Restoration” period. In the prevalence of such a transanimate task it could be written of almost any local poet—as Cartwright wrote of Fletcher, that

“Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies,
In ladies questions, and the fool’s replies;
Old fashioned art, which walks from town to town
In turned hose which our fathers called the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made baudry pass for comical;
Nature was all his art, thy verse was free
As his, but without his scurrility;”

to apply the sentiment of the last four of these lines to Shakespeare seems quite as palpable an obsession as to suppose that the statement in the seventh line, that "nature was all his Art," was not the highest possible praise!

And yet it must not be forgotten that during all of this period in which the drama was being corrupted, and Shakespeare was being adapted to the "enlightened age," his real works were still calmly coming from the press undefiled, and based upon the text of 1623. The Third Folio appeared in 1664 and the Fourth Folio in 1685, and many quarto editions of single plays were issued during the period from 1660 down to 1700 in their original undefiled form. Even while this base appetite of the age was still dominant, Nicholas Rowe brought out his First Edition of Shakespeare's Works in 1709; perhaps the most important event—in view of time and place—in all Shakespeare history, except, of course, the appearances of the Quartos and Folios themselves! It was, and remains, the first "Edited," as well as the first illustrated, Edition of Shakespeare—and the first to be preceded by an attempt at a Biography of him—so that, in the midst of all this Lisence it is apparent that there was still in England a modicum of scholarship which had not bowed the knee to Baal!

Nor, in conclusion, should a word be wanting as to the state of the applied science of Stagecraft in this second Caroline period. In the Introduction to the Seventh Volume of *THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE* is a demonstration that Shakespeare was not only the earliest great English Dramatist, but the earliest great English Dramaturgist as well—that he not only perfected Dramatic Art, but commanded and commandeered the Stagecraft Art to serve him—that he was not only the greatest of Dramatists, but the greatest of Stage-rights! *THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE* is in the hands of its grand possessors—and this *BANKSIDE RESTORATION* Series, will, we are of surety, find an identical possession! Together, these epochical works will appeal—as indeed this *BANKSIDE RESTORATION* Series (which now, for the first time, presents students of the Drama with the Restored play—as against the text of a play as Shakespeare left it—thus indicating at a glance wherein Shakespeare was "dull" in the view of the "refined age" of Charles the Second, and how a refining process could be accomplished), will appeal, not only to the studious, but to the curious, student of Shakespeare.

WILLIS VICKERY.

INTRODUCTION.

The earliest appearance of "THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS," is in the First Folio, where it is inscribed between the Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, and The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar—beginning on a left hand page numbered 80—and ending on a left hand page numbered 89. On page 99, a right hand page, is a table headed "The Actors Names," but really being a List of the Persons of the Drama. This page is not numbered at all, and the verse is blank. The next play, the Julius Cæsar, begins upon a right hand page numbered 109. Various conjectures to account for this erroneous pagination are offered. But the paging of the First Folio is so abnormal and careless throughout that it is hardly worth while to pause to assign a cause for this particular instance. I think it highly probable, as Dr. Morgan has conjectured (Introduction to The Third Part of Henry the Sixth. The True Tragedie, etc.—page XVI. The Bankside Shakespeare, Volume XX) that the First Folio being beyond the practical resources of any one London Printing House at the date, was set up and printed in several—perhaps four—of them—and the sheets brought together for binding. This would amply account for the irregularities of the pagination. But it is of no importance at all—since it was largely corrected in the second and succeeding folios. It may be noted, however, by those curious in these technical, or disregard of technical, matters, that an attempt would seem to have been made to fill up considerable more space in the volume than the Play called for, by printing prose in broken lines as verse. (See ——).

I am inclined to agree with the Editors who have contended that this play is not entirely by Shakespeare, or if his work entirely—that certain parts were left by him in scenarie only, and written in—as to their dialogue by other hands. Wilkins and Heywood have been named as possible contributors or collaborators in this way, and conjecturally a scheme for identifying the work of each has been well worked out.

It is a mooted question just where Shakespeare got the material for this play. Some critics claim that he was familiar with the Dialogue of Lucian, which bears the name of "Timon or the Misanthrope," but, so far as we have been able to learn there was no English translation of this Dialogue prior to 1616.

We find in Plutarch's Life of Marcus Antonius the following, as rendered by North, which we think formed at least one of the sources of the play: "Antonius, he forsook the city and the company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the Isle of Phoros, upon certain forced mounts, which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that had banished himself from all mens company: saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was before offered Timon: and that for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men and would trust no man." This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato and Aristophanes' comedies; in the which they mocked him calling him viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other mens companies, but the company of young Alcibades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would gladly feast and make much of, and often kissed him very gladly. Apemantus wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him "I do it," said he "because one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians." This Timon would sometimes have Apemantus much in his company because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Choæ at Athens (to wit, the feast of the dead where they make sprinklings and sacrifices of the dead) and that they had feasted together by themselves—Apemantus said to the other—O, here is a trim banquet—Timon! Timon answered again—yea, said he, so thou wert not here. It is reported of him also that this Timon on a time (the people having assembled in the market place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations where the orators commonly went to speak unto the people: and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he might say, because it was uncommon to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: "My Lords of Athens I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves, and because I mean to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all understand it that before the fig tree be cut down, if any of you be so disposed, you may go there in time to hang yourselves." At the time, most critics agree that this play must have been written, that is, Shakespeare's part of it, which was somewhere between the years 1606 and 1610, the Dramatist was interested in the graver things of life; and about this time we know he was writing

"Antony & Cleopatra;" and I have no doubt that he afterwards sketched out the stronger scenes in the play, having in mind the Timon of Plutarch as set forth in the Life of Antonius. It would seem to be a satire, pure and simple, upon the ingratitude of mankind, and to make the contrast more terrible, Timon, is placed in the acme of prosperity and is made generous and open hearted even to prodigality—he fairly lavishes himself and all he possesses upon the worthless sycophants who daily fed at his table, and praised and flattered Timon to the limit. Nor does Timon seem to crave adulation, for his nature really was generous and broad, and because of his own honest heart he thought all men as true as himself. This phase of Timon's character is necessary to understand in order to understand his terrible misanthropy of his after life, after his "lip service" friends had turned; and Timon is one of the master strokes of Shakespeare. As he was more than trustful before so he was less than a cynic after his abandonment, the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. How unlike the Timon, whose generosity was only vain glory, and whose sole aim was to be talked about as the most generous of men and to be heralded at every point by a flare of trumpets as depicted in the old play that was published by the Shakespeare Society in 1842 by Alexander Dyce, which he claims was purchased in manuscript at the sale of the library of Mr. Heber by Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, and afterwards became his property, which was supposed to have been written about the year 1600, and which has been thought may have been in Shakespeare's mind when he was writing his part of Timon of Athens. This statement of Mr. Dyce's sounds very much like a similar statement made by a much greater Shakespearian scholar, as to how he acquired of Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, the folio of 1632 with the Emendations, which caused such a furor in the literary world about the middle of the last century. And there are several things in this play which suggest a much later origin; and what would in the least resemble the "Timon of Athens" of Shakespeare might readily have been borrowed by the author of the manuscript from the Shakespearian play, for it is perfectly evident that Shakespeare could not have borrowed anything from this play; although Laches, who is a steward in the Dyce "Timon," resembles somewhat Flavius in Shakespeare's "Timon"—they both follow Timon in his retirement from Athens and serve him faithfully. But the character of Timon in the Dyce play has not the least resemblance to the Timon of Shakespeare's play, for as Timon of the Dyce play was not sincere in

his opulence neither was he sincere in his retirement, and we are not surprised to have him again return to Athens when prosperity again overtakes him. It would seem that at the banquet scene artificial artichokes and fowls, made to resemble real artichokes and fowls, were set upon the table at the banquet instead of the hot water in the covered dishes as in the Shakespeare *Timon*. And from two lines that appears in the Shakespeare play Dyce would connect the two together. The lines I refer to are the last two lines in the third act. The third lord says: "I feel it upon my bones." Whereupon the fourth lord says: "One day he gives us diamonds, the next day stones." In Shakespeare's play there is no prior reference to stones; but the hot water is thrown in the faces of the guests. While in the Dyce play the artichokes, which are real stones, are thrown by Timon and his servants and hence it is thought that Shakespeare was familiar with the stone throwing episode, when he wrote the two lines above referred to, but we think that this is far-fetched. Whatever may be the source of the play, Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* never could have been popular; and, after a very diligent search we have been unable to find that the play, as first printed in the Folio of 1623, had ever been staged. Referring to Langbaine we find the following: "*Timon of Athens*"—his life. "This play was thought fit to be presented on the stage, with some alterations, by Mr. Shadwell, in the year 1678. I shall say more of it in the account of his works. The foundation of the story may be read in Plutarch's life of M. Antony. See besides 'Lucian's Dialogues,' etc." Of Shadwell's "*Timon of Athens*," Langbaine says: "*Timon of Athens, the Man-Hater*"—his history—"acted at the Duke's Theater, made into a play printed in quarto, London, 1678, and dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham. The play is originally Shakespeare's, but so imperfectly printed that it is not divided into acts. How much more our author has added or expunged I must leave to the examination of the less busy reader, I not having time at present to inquire into the proofs." The "person, who with the careful hand" continued the work begun by Mr. Langbaine, published a few years later than Langbaine's work, which had been published in 1691, referring to Shadwell's and does not refer to Shakespeare's *Timon* at all, "*Timon of Athens*"—says: "*Timon of Athens, or the Man-Hater*"—a Tragedy—4to, 1678, acted at the Duke's Theater, and dedicated to the late Duke of Buckingham. Most part of this play is Shakespeare's; Nay! and the critics say: "All of it that is good for anything." So it is pretty safe

to say, that prior to Shadwell's alterations, the play of "Timon of Athens" had never been acted.

From the lists of actors which is contained in the first edition of "Timon of Athens or the Man-Hater," as it was printed in 1678, and acted the same year at the Duke's theater, we find the name of Betterton in the title role while Mrs. Betterton played Evandra and Mrs. Shadwell, the wife of the author played Melissa. Mrs. Shadwell had before her marriage to the poet been an actress, and after her marriage continued to play parts in theatrical pieces. After the poet's death in 1692, the drama "The Volunteers or Stock-Jobbers," a Comedy, which had been written but never printed or acted was brought out by his widow, Anne Shadwell, who dedicated it to the queen in the following—"Madam, the little wit of our poor family, as well as the best part of the substance, perished with my husband; so that we have not where withall, worthily to express our great acknowledgment due for the support and favor we have already received, much less to publish to the world your virtues, and other endowments, both of mind and body, which in a private party would have procured the admiration of mankind, and cannot in a queen but be considered as the highest national blessing we enjoy from heaven. This consciousness of our own disability will much shorten your majesty's troubles; we shall only therefore, without more words, and with all humility and profound respect, throw this last play at your majesty's feet, begging your acceptance of it and that you would once honor it with your preference, which will be the greatest happiness that can arrive in this world to your faithful servant, my deceased husband. I am, madam, your majesty's most humble, most obedient and most faithful subject and servant, Anne Shadwell!" When this last play was finally placed on the stage, to make it more lugubrious, the epilogue was spoken by one in deep mourning, but was very laudatory of Shadwell, and would vie well with the inscription on the monument referred to later. When Charles the Second came to the throne in 1660, and the dramatists of the day were going about seeking for plays to gratify the taste of play-goers of the period, Shadwell fixed upon this play as one that he might make to conform to that age. And in the language of Southey in his "Life of Cowper:" "Shadwell boasted that he had made 'Timon of Athens' into a play. The execution was worthy of the attempt, and the attempt was worthy of Shadwell, whose bust in Westminster Abbey ought to have been cast either in lead or in brass, or in an emblematic amalgama of

the two metals. Nahum Tate, who of all my predecessors must have ranked least of the Laureats, if he had not succeeded Shadwell, adopted 'Coriolanus,' 'Richard the Second' and 'King Lear' to his own notions of dramatic propriety. Shadwell could not degrade himself, for nothing could degrade him." Southey evidently had adopted Dryden's estimate of Shadwell. But I do not think that Dryden did exact justice to Shadwell. The fact that he had been deprived of the laureatship, by the King, and this honor having been given to his worst enemy—Shadwell, probably blinded him to what werits Shadwell may have had. The bust that Southey refers to in the above quotation, was erected to the memory of Thomas Shadwell by his son, John Shadwell. It was in the form of a pyramid, upon which was engraved in Greek the following words: the English translation of which is as follows: "Scene—All Life and Comedy." And upon the stone the following inscription appeared in Latin. I give the English translation "Peace to the ashes of Thomas Shadwell, armour bearer, sprung from ancient race in the County of Stafford. He made their gifts of lasting popularity train his mind to write. This gift of poetry he used, that what dramas he wrote might make fun of popular follies, and might cure a wretched custom; that they might please, and at the same time be of benefit; for he considered it greater praise to be considered a good citizen than to be ranked among the leading poets. Then in the reign of William III he deserved and distinguished the titles of Poet Laureat, and Royal Historiographer. He died November 19th at the age of 52. May his ashes rest in peace. In perpetual memory of his piety.

John Shadwell, M. D.
Son of Thomas."

This inscription appeared in the first collected edition of Shadwell's works which appeared in 1720. It may be that Thomas Shadwell's son was partial to the memory of his father, and that he has overrated his poetical ability, as Dryden had underrated it. It is certainly true that Shadwell's dramas did make sport of popular follies, that they might cure the wretched custom that prevailed during that era of this period. He seems to have been proud of his making "Timon of Athens" into a play, and he refers to his pride in it, in its dedication to the Duke of Buckingham, as well as in the prologue of the play. In what way then did Shadwell make "Timon of Athens" into a play?

In Shakespeare's play there are no women, unless the two mistresses that follow Alcibiades may be regarded as women. But during the age of Charles II it was impossible to have a successful play unless there were women and love in it. So now Shadwell introduces the characters of Evandra and Melissa. Evandra is a highminded, beautiful woman, but who loved Timon more than she loved her honor. Melissa is a fair daughter of a rich senator, and was a strickler for all the forms; and so long as Timon was wealthy and famous was ready to marry him; but as soon as Timon's wealth had flown, she discarded him with just as much readiness. It was a crime, in the eyes of Melissa, to be poor. She had been, before her engagement to Timon, in love with Alcibiades; and after Timon's wealth had flown, she sought to return to Alcibiades, who, hearing of her treachery to Timon, repudiated her entirely. And when Melissa afterwards learned that Timon had found great wealth in the woods, she was very anxious to be restored again to favor. Evandra, who like Timon reserved nothing from a friend, had surrendered all to Timon; and now when Timon was poor, she gave up her own wealth to follow him into the desert. Knowing that he was afflicted was more unbearable to her than all she had suffered from his inconstancy; and having a small fortune of her own, she hastened with all love and affection to lay it at his feet and once more reconcile him to the world of which he has now grown weary. By her behavior he experienced the difference in women, and reproached the inconstancy of his sex, which led him to throw away a jewel of such inestimable worth in exchange for a pebble, such as Melissa. Yet his character was such that it would not permit him to accept any obligation from the person he had so greatly wronged. He thanks Evandra; he praises, and vows an everlasting esteem for her uncommon virtue; he pretends he has designs to re-establish himself again, and promises to communicate them to her hereafter, and prevails upon her to leave him. Looking afterwards into his affairs, and finding that all the treasures of which he had lately been master were dissipated, and that of the numbers he had obliged, not one had gratitude enough to do him even the smallest service, he determined to quit Athens forever; but before he goes he puts in practice a little strategem. He causes the report to be spread, that by a new accession of fortune he has become more opulent than ever. The mercenary troop who before had foisted themselves upon his generosity, began again to flock around him, each one offering an excuse for his past actions, and promising *now*, that their lives and fortunes were

wholly at his service. He seems to give credit to what they say, and accepts their excuses, and invites them again to his house at an appointed hour. The supposed dinner is served in covered dishes, which, when they eagerly lift up, they find, instead of food, only toads, snakes, scorpions and such other venomous animals; but evidently fearing that this would not be strong enough to express his mind, he upbraids ingratitude, avarice and hypocrisy on the part of all present; and then, with the assistance of the servants who had remained faithful to him, drives them out of the house in such a way as their treatment of him had merited. After this entertainment Timon, after cursing Athens, its senators and its citizens, turns his back upon the ungrateful town and seeks refuge in the woods; where Evandra, not hearing from Timon, no sooner learns of his departure, than she disdains to stay in a place so unworthy of her beloved lord, turns all her effects into money, and follows him to his retreat. And as she cannot persuade him to quit his solitary life, she resolves to share it with him, exchanging the splendors of the great city for the wilderness; all the luxuries of life in the rich city of Athens for roots, water and a cold mossy bed. Quite differently did Melissa pass her days. Alcibiades having returned from his banishment, without his sentence having been repealed by the senate—his return was partly induced by his desire of seeing Melissa, and partly to obtain pardon for a dear friend who had been condemned to die. When he returned to Athens, Melissa not doubting but that he would be reinstated in all of his grandeur, received him with open arms, protesting that she had not enjoyed one happy moment since his departure. But the Senate could not overlook his return before the decree banishing him had been set aside, not only refused him the life of his friend, but ordered him into a second retirement, or banishment; and on pain of death he was commanded to quit Athens in two hours. This time he hoped to pass with his adored Melissa; but Melissa, again hearing of his disgrace, treated him as she before had treated Timon. And Alcibiades then left Athens feeling as much incensed against the City as Timon had been. In the meantime it had been reported to the citizens of Athens that Timon had come into possession of great wealth; and the people and Senators of Athens came out to see him. He spurned them all, as he was resolved to shun mankind for ever. And he spent the rest of his days in building a tomb with his own hands. When he found that death was ready to seize him, he went into the tomb and there died. Evandra, no sooner saw that life had left the body of Timon than she plunged a dagger

in her breast, and died by his side. In the meantime also Alcibiades revenged his cause on the Athenians, and would have laid the city level with the earth, had not the senators, themselves unable to resist, entreated mercy, which he refused to grant on any other terms than that all there appear before him with halters around their necks ; and the senators were so abject that they complied even with this ; and they sued to Alcibiades in the most pity-moving words their orators could dictate. Melissa, now that Alcibiades's star was in the ascendant, did not doubt but that her beauty still maintained its former power over him, and she came there to meet him, attended and appareled like a bride, with smiles, allurements and graces, and every soft and endearing blandishments of love, she came to the place where she beholds Alcibiades surrounded by an admiring crowd. But Alcibiades repels her proffered embraces, throws her away from him like some loathsome thing, upbraids her usage of Timon and of himself as well, and compels her, though too late, to be sensible that no outward appearances can compensate for a base, dishonorable and mercenary soul.

This is in brief how Shadwell's play of "Timon of Athens" differs from that of Shakespeare. Shadwell gives Greek names to the characters in place of the Latin names given by Shakespeare. Some new characters are brought in ; for instance, a musician is added to the number of those living on the liberality of Timon. The character of Demetrius, who was the Flavius of Shakespeare's "Timon," does not equal Flavius ; and Shadwell has spoiled Demetrius by making him faithless in the end.

There is considerable power in the scenes in which Melissa and Evandra appear ; for Shadwell was a great deal better dramatist than Dryden would have us think ; as a revision of Shakespeare, however, this play is a failure ; still it is not so bad as some manufactured by great men, for example, by D'Avenant and Dryden.

One of Shakespeare's characters to suffer, in my judgment, is the character of Apermantus. Shakespeare makes him a snarling cynic, and I think used him as a foil to Timon's open-heartedness, and generous nature. He distinctly losses this character in Shadwell's play.

But here are the plays, both that of Shadwell, and that of Shakespeare, put side by side ; and the student can readily compare the merits and demerits of the two.

WILLIS VICKERY.



THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.



THE
HISTORY
OF
Timon of Athens,
THE
MAN-HATER.
As it is acted at the
DUKES THEATRE.
Made into a
PLAY.

By *THO. SHADWELL.*

Licensed, *Feb. 18. 1678.* *Ro. L'Estrange.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Blue Anchor*,
in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1678.



To the Moft
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
G E O R G E
DUKE of *BVCKINGHAM*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

NOthing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but muft publish the Joy I receive in having so noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good men and men of fence admire you, and none but Fools and ill men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly sensible what honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have so clearly shewn the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and so juftly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest example, and the sharpest reproof. And no man who has perfectly understood the *Rehearſal*, and ſome other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epiftle to make a Declamation upon theſe and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the honor to know him already give him. Amongſt which number I think it my greatest happineſs to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can

arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Graces Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of *Shakespear* in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play. Which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Graces

Most Obedient,

humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

Prologue TO T I M O N.

Since the bare gleanings of the stage are growen |
 The only portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town |
 We mean such as have no crop of their own; |
 Methinks you should encourage them that fow,
 Who are to match and gather what does grow.
 Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
 As you do Mistresses for others use:
 The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
 Though for three months it finds you what to say.
 Yet you your Creditors of wit will fail,
 And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
 Poor Echo's can repeat wit, though they've none,
 Like Bag-pipes they no sound have of their own,
 Till some into their emptiness be blown.
 Yet—
 To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
 And labour for't, as if they were Wit-mad.
 Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th'Nation,
 And Poets eat them into reputation.
 Some Scribblers will Wit their whole bus'ness make,
 For labour'd dullness grievous pains will take;
 And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
 They now and then bring forth a Foolish Song.
 One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
 And by this means a partous Judg will seem.

*Wit is a common Idol, and in vain.
Fops try a thousand wayes the name to gain.
Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with fence upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one line submits,
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with ease.
In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As in their choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap't Barbary Wits you will despise,
And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize.
Old English Shakespear stomahs you have to still,
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with skill.
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down;
Set but your stamp upon't, though it be brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass,
Try it to day and we are fure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit.*

T H E
A C T O R S
N A M E S.

T YMON of Athens.	Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.
Lucius, And	Servilius, another.
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.	Caphis.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.	Varro.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.	Philo.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.	Seuerall Seruants to
Poet.	Titus. Vfurers.
Painter.	Lucius.
Jeweller.	Hortenfis
Merchant.	Venitigius. one of Tymons false Friends
Certaine Senatours.	Cupid.
Certaine Maskers.	Sempronius.
Certaine Theeues.	With diuers other Seruants, And Attendants.

Timon of Athens.		Mr. Smith.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.		Mr. Harris.
Apemantus, a Rigid Philosopher.		Mr. Betterton.
Nicias.		Mr. Sandford.
Phœax.		Mr. Underhill.
Ælius.		Mr. Leigh.
Cleon.	<i>Senators of Athens.</i>	Mr. Norris.
Ifander.		Mr. Percival.
Ifidore.		Mr. Gillo.
Thrasillus.		
Demetrius, Timon's Steward.		Mr. Medburne.
Diphilus, Servant to Timon.		Mr. Bowman.
Old man.		Mr. Richards.
Poet.		Mr. Jevon.
Painter.		
Jeweller.		
Musician.		
Merchant.		
Evandra.		Mrs. Betterton.
Melissa.		Mrs. Shadwell.
Chloe.		Mrs. Gibbs.
Thais.	<i>Mistresses to Alcibiades.</i>	Mrs. Seymor.
Phrinias.		Mrs. Le-Grand.
Servants.		
Messengers.		
Several Masqueraders.		
Souldiers.		
		<i>Scene Athens.</i>

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at seuerall doores.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I haue not feene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: fee
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuuate goodnesse:
He paffes.

Jew. I haue a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's fee't. For the Lord *Timon*, fir?

Jewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that——

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verfe,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in some worke, some Dedication to the great
Lord.

Timon of Athens, OR THE M A N=H A T E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

Dem. **H**ow strange it is to see my Riotous Lord
With careles Luxury betray himfelf!
To Feast and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how fast his Treasure ebbs,
How slowly flows, and when I warn'd him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honesty i'th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did so.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
But now like Evil Councillours I comply,
And lull him in his soft Lethargick life.
And like such cursed Politicians can
Share in the head-long ruine, and will rise by't:
What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,
To Pimps, and Women, what Estrates he gives!
And shall I have no share? Be gon, all Honesty,
Thou foolish, slender, threadbare, starving thing, be gon!

Poet. A thing flipt idely from me.
Our Poefie is as a Gowne, which vies
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it self, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne stading: what a mentall power
This eye shoothes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I wll say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificial strife
Liues in these touthes, liuerlier then life.

Enter Poet.

Here's a fellow-horseleech: How now Poet, how goes the world?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord *Timon* visible?

Dem. Hee'll come out suddenly, what have you to prefent him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse: She's in travel daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you grois flatterer.

By him damn'd Panegyricks he has written

[*Afide.*]

Himself up to my Lords Table,

Which he seldom fails; nay, into his Chariot,

Where he in publick does not blush to own

The fordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I prefent my Noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by style? that of good fence is all alike; that is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too little or too much: And this I think good style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter! apt and easie!

Heroicks must be lofty and high sounding;

No easie language in Heroick Verfe;

'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion,

I must not in Heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'de as soon call him an Afs. No thus——

The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lion would found so badly, not to be Endur'd, and a Bull too—but

The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:

Ah—how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive found's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you found a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvey Beast for Heroick Verfe.

Dem. Hum—is it so? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing fowl.

Dem. An excellent found—But let me see your Piece.

Poet. I'll read it—'Tis a good morrow to the Lord *Timon*.

Dem. Do you make good morrow found loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily! —

*The fringed Vallance of your eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downie trance:
Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,
Each does his daily lease of life renew.*

Now you shall hear description, tis the very life of Poetry.

*He darts his beams on the Larks mossie-house,
And from his quiet tenement does rouze
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which sings its lump of Body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clammers up in the steep air
With marbling throat, and makes each noat a stair.*

There's rapture for you! hah! —

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the sollicitous Lover straight alarms,
Who too long slumber'd in his Cœlia's arms:
And now the swelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads stagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their needles hast:
Already now the moving shops are plac'd
By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.*

Who d'ye think are now? Why——Nothing but Herb-women: there are fine lofty expressions for Herb-women! ha!— Already now, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes, in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about

The fourth hour in the morning—— I'le in and let
Him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[*Exit* Demetrius.]

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good morning Sir: whither this way?

Muf. To present his Honour with a piece of Mufick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soон come out.

Poet. He's the very spirit of Nobility——
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Univerſal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, and *several others.*

Jewell. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the houſe!

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?

Magick of bounty—— Theſe familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a ſplendid Jewel.

Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry: but you preſent a
speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing ſlipt idly from me:
The fire within the flint ſhews not it ſelf
Till it be ſtrucken; our gentle flame provokes
It ſelf——

Dem. You write ſo ſcurvily, the Devil's in any man that provokes
You, but your ſelf.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Paint. So, ſo.

Dem. Now muſt theſe Raſcals be preſented all,
As if they had ſav'd his honour or his life;
And I muſt have a feeling in the buſineſſ.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and flipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Bafe o'thMount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among'it them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune wtih her Iuory hand wafts to her,

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd! [Enter more who pass over.

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble spirit!

Jewel. A most worthy Lord!

Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws!

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,

As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality, present

Their services to Lord *Timons* prosp'rous fortune.

He to his good and gracious nature does subdue

All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd flatterer

To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churle

Who hates the world, and does almost abhor

Himself—

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all mankind; deserves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewel. A most accomplisht person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this man poor, would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he.

[*Soft Musick.*

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!

In what delights he melts his hours away!

Whose present grace, to present flaues and feruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happineffe, would be well expreft
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All thofe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificial whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his ftyrrop, and through him
Drinks the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him fit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common:
A thouſand morall Paintings I can fthew,
That ſhall demoniſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To fthew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue feene
The foot aboue the head.

Trumpets ſound.

Enter Lord Timon, addreſſing himſelfe courteouſly to euery Sutor.

Tim. Imprifon'd is he, ſay you?

Mef. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes moft ſhort, his Creditors moft ſtraiſte:
Your Honourable Letter he defires
To thofe haue ſhut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself courteously to all.

Tim. My Lord, you wrong your self, and 'bate too much
Of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.

Ifidore. Your Lordship has the very foul of bounty.

Phœax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my friends too much.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he muft neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship euer bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will fend his ranfome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happineffe to your Honor.

Exit.

My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courier which I rode on.
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Phœax. I befeech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim. My word is past: is there ought else you like?
I know my Lord, no man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, me thinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne're be weary.

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty!

Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!

Phœax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.

Ifand. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige without
A prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius imprison'd! say you?

Meff. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his debt:
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict,
He begs your Letter to those cruel men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my help;
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Meff. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after——tell him so.

Meff. All happiness to your honour.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou haft a Seruant nam'd *Lucillus*.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillus*.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt cost
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbide him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſeſſe her all.

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my house,
I am a man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estrate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This man attempts her love; pray my good Lord
Joyn with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diffil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be wanting,
I call the gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the street my Heirs e're she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Master too:
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
Whate're your Daughters Portion weighs, this
Mans shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and she is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promise.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you beftow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promife.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may
That state or Fotune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peace of Painting, which I do befeech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: Thefe Penil'd Figures are
Euen fuch as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preferue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: fir your Iewell
Hath suffered vnder prafe.

Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere faciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclew me quite.

Diffil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e're be mine,
Which I'le not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rife. I ne're do good with prospect of return,
That were but merchandizing, a mere trade
Of putting kindnes out to use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
What have you there my friend?

Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis welcome. I like it, and you shall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here is the Jewel!

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
 As those which feil would giue: but you well know,
 Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
 Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
 You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes ye common toong
 Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle *Apemantus*.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
 When thou art *Timons* dogge, and these Knaues honest.

Tim. Why doft thou call them Knaues, thou know'it them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'it I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'it thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The beft, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy
 peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'ft, thoud'ft anger Ladies.

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all men think.

Apem. Scum of all flatterers, wilt thou still persift
For filthy gain, to gild and vanish o're
This great Man's Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

Apem. Yes, and without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'it this Knave, thou'art a fool.

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good Morrow to thee.

Apem. Till, I am gentle; stay for thy good Morrow
Till thou art *Timon*'s dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'le not recant;
Th'are all base Fawners; what a coile is here
With smilling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the fummes they cost you; friendship's full
Of dregs; base filthy dregs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth for cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your names?

Tim. Thou preachest against Vice, and thou thy self art proud *Apemantus*.

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why so?

Apem. To give belief to flatt'ring Knaves and Poets,
And to be still my self my greatest flatterer:
What should Great Men be proud of stead of noise
And pomp and show, and holding up their heads,
And cocking of their noses; pleas'd to fee

Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lasciuious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'ft it,
Take it for thy labor.

Tim. How doft thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not fo well as plain-dealing, which wil not cast a man a Doit.

Tim. What doft thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyest.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou haft feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is fo.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldft do then *Apermantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherfore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.]

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apermantus*.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horfe
All of Companionship.

Bafe smiling Knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em?
 Did they but see their own ridiculous folly,
 Their mean and absurd vanities; they'd hide
 Their heads within some dark and little corner,
 And be afraid that every fool shoud find 'em.

Tim. Thou haft too much fowernefs in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him,——n'er mind him——

Apem. What is this foolish animal man, that we
 Should magnifie him fo? a little warm,
 And walking Earth that will be ashes soon;
 We come into the world crying and squalling,
 And so much of our time's confum'd in driv'ling infancy,
 In ignorance sleep, disease and trouble, that
 The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Phœax. A preaching fool.

Apem. A fool? if thou hadſt half my wit thou'dſt find
 Thy ſelf an Afs! Is it not truth I ſpeak?
 Are not all the arts and subtleties of men,
 All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
 All their Diverſions, all their Sports, little enough
 To paſs away their happiest hours with,
 And make a heavy life be born with patience?

Tim. I with the help of friends will make mine eaſier
 Than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little doſt thou look before thee!
 Thou, who tak'ſt ſuch great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
 And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e're long
 Find 'em ſuch thin, ſuch poor and empty shadows,
 That thou wilt wiſh thou never hadſt been born.

Tim. I do not think ſo.

Phœax. Hang him, ſend him to the *Areopagus*, and let him
 Be whipt!

Apem. Thus innocence, truth and merit often ſuffer,
 Whil'ſt injurers, opprefſors and deſertleſs fools
 Swell in their brief authority, look big
 And ſtrut in Furs; 'tis a foul shame,
 But 'tis a loathfome Age,——it has been long

Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
 You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
 Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
 Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Moſt welcome Sir.

Ape. So, fo; their Aches contract, and ſterue your ſupple ioynts: that
 there ſhould bee ſmall loue amongett theſe ſweet Knaues, and all this
 Curteſie. The ſtraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alic. Sir, you haue ſau'd my longing, and I feed
 Moſt hungerly on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:
 Ere we depatt, wee'l ſhare a bounteous time
 In diſſerent pleaſures.
 Pray you let vs in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honeſt.

1 That time feruſes ſtill.

Ape. The moſt accuſed thou that ſtill omitſt it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaſt.

Ape. I, to ſee meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Should'ſt haue kept one to thy ſelfe, for I meane to giue thee none.

1 Hang thy ſelfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
 Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile ſpurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Affe.

1 Hee's oppofite to humanity.

Comes ſhall we in,
 And taſte Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
 The verie heart of kindneſſe.

Imposthumating with its villanie;
 And now the fwelling's broken out
 In most contagious ulcers; no place free
 From the destructive Pestilence of manners;
 Out upon't, 'tis time the world should end!

Tim. Do not rail so——'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning lecture,
 And I'le be gone——

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenians* brains.

Tim. Why? that's a deed thou'l die for *Apemantus*.

Apem. Yes, if doing nothing be death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? how doft thou like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill
 Neither lie, drink, nor whore,
 Flatter a man to his face, and cut his
 Throat behind his back;
 For since falfe smiles, and base
 Dishonour traffique with mans nature,
 He is but mere outside; Pictures are
 Even such as they give out: Oh! did you fee
 The insides of these Fellows minds about you,
 You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
 The putrid Excrements their bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'ft thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a
 Man a doit.

Tim. What doft thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What fools efteeem it, it is not worth my thinking.
 Lo, now the mighty ufe of thy great Riches!
 That must fet infinite value on a Bawble!
 Will't keep thee warm, or satisfie thy thirst,
 Or hunger? No, it is comparifon
 That gives it value; then, thou look'ft upon
 Thy finger, and art very proud to think
 A poor man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!

2 He powres it it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it selfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vse of quittance.

1 The Nobleſt minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'ft thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel two men a day for flattering me,
Till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phœax. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his
Licentious tongue.

Tim. No, the man is honest, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleasant. You must dine with me

Apemantus.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings,
And varnish'd looks can swallow Lords, and get
Great bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into
The world, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicias.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! most welcom to my arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happiness
Did spring! your matchleſs Daughter, fair *Mellissa*.

Nic. Your honour us too much my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, ſhe is the joy of *Athens*! the chief delight
Of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is methinks an Age till that bleſt day
When we ſhall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a thouſand years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, haſt thou to compleat
All thy calamities, that plague of Love,
That moſt unmanly madneſs of the mind,
That ſpecious cheat, as falſe as friendſhip is?
Did'ft thou but fee how like a ſniveling thing
Thou look'ſt and talk'ſt, thou would'ft abhor or laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.

Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this subiect.

Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be
Deaf to good Counfel, not to Flatterie.*

Tim. Come my dear friends, let us now visit our gardens,
And refresh our felves with some cool Wines and Fruit:
I am transported with your Visits!

There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unles it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the men he loves.

Aelius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your friendship, though
without a Dowrie?

Isodor. Most worthy *Timon!* who has a life you may not call your own?

Phaxax. We are all your slaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great spirit of Noblenes.

Tim. We muſt not part this day my Friends.

Apem. So, fo, crouching slaves aches contract and make your supple
Joynts to wither; that there should be fo little
Love among theſe Knaves, yet all this courteſie!
They hate and ſcorn each other, yet they kifs
As if they were of diſſerent Sexes: Villains, Villains.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks your looks are chang'd,
And clouded with ſome grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my ears this morning were faluted with
The moſt unhappy news, the diſmal'ſt ſtory
The only one cou'd have afflieted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted
With a cold ſweat o're all my limbs.

Tim. What was it Madam?

Evand. You ſpeak not with the kindneſs you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than theſe:
It is too true, and I am miſerable!

Tim. What iſt diſturbſ you fo? too well I gueſſ.

[Aſide.

1623

Timon of Athens

42

Evan. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
The only earthly bleffing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent *Evandra!*

Evan. *Melissa* will not suffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'ft blush at thy ingratitude!
Had I so much towards thee, I ne're shou'd show
My face without confusioñ: Such a guilt,
As if I had deftroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Estate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold reſepcts of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return,
That 'tis beyond exprefſion.

Evan. Call to mind
Whose Race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unſpotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thouſand times have ſworn,
That they exceeded all, and yet all theſe,
The only treasures a poor Maid poſſeſt,
I ſacrificed to you, and rather choſe
To throw my ſelf away, than you shou'd be
Uneaſie in your wiſhes; ſince which happy
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one ſingle wiſh beyond you;
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far foe're their large circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My End, the only thing could fill my mind.

Tim. She ſtrikes me to the heart! I would I had
Not ſeen her.

Evan. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you ſo, that had
My eyes offend you, I with theſe fingers
Had pluck't 'em by the roots, and caſt them from me:
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was

[*Aſide.*]

Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
 Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can fay this;
 And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can witness
 By many long repeated acts of Love,
 And Bounty I have shew'd you——

Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon!*
 I am not yet so mean, but I contemn
 Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
 But that of Love, your person was the bound
 Of all my thoughts and wishes, in return
 You *have* lov'd me! Oh miserable found!
 I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not master of his appetites,
 Heav'n swayes our mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to falsehood:
 How many thousand times y' have vow'd and fworn
 Eternal Love; Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
 You of your Oaths to me: nor can I ever,
 My Love's as much too much as yours too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my happiness,
Melissa; Beauty and her Love to me
 Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
 My dear, false *Timon* fwore to me, would you
 Have wisht I might have found my happiness
 Within another's arms? No, no, it is
 To love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Befides, *Melissa's* beauty
 Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock,
 Even modesty may priafe it self when 'tis
 Afpers'd: But her Love is mercenary,
 Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage Love:
 She gives her person, but in vile exchange
 She does demand your liberty: But I
 Could generoufly give without mean bargaining:

I truited to your honour, and lost mine,
 Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
 I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
 A barren and ungrateful foil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This dose perplex me, I must break it off.

[*Afide.*

Evan. The firſt ſtorm of your Love did shake me fo,
 It threw down all my leaves, my hopeful bloſſoms,
 Pull down my branches; but this latter tempeſt of your hate
 Strikes at my root, and I muſt wither now,
 Like a deſerteſs, ſapleſſ tree: muſt fall——

Tim. You are ſecure againſt all injuries
 While I have breath——

Evan. And yet you do the greateſt.

Timon. You ſhall be fo much partner of my fortune
 As will ſecure you full reſpect from all,
 And may ſupport your quality in what pomp
 You can deſire.

Evan. I am not of fo course a Mould, or have
 So groſſ a mind, as to partake of ought
 That's yours without you——
 But, oh thou too dear perjur'd man, I could
 With thee prefer a dungeon, a low and loathſome dungeon
 Before the ſtately gilded fretted Roofs,
 The Pomp, the noife, the ſhow, the revelling,
 And all the glittering ſplendor of a Palace.

Tim. I by reſiſtleſſ fate am hurry'd on——

Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd——

Evan. It had a pre-engagement——

Tim. All the great men of *Athens* urge me on
 To marry and to preſerve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be falſe; (as 'tis not new
 In *Athens*;) and ſuffer others to graft upon
 Your ſtock; where is your Race? weak vulgar reaſon!

Tim. Her honour will not ſuffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her honour.

Tim. Her love will then ſecure her; which is as fervent

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
 Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
 She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian Law*
 Made Love a merchandize, to traffick hearts
 For marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
 Now her great sign of Love, is, she's content
 To bind you in the strongest chains, and to
 A slavery, nought can manumize you from
 But death: And I could be content to be
 A slave to you, without those vile conditions——

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
 Or why should we be punish'd for obeying them?
 But we cannot create our own affections;
 They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
 And we are only passive, and whatsoever
 Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
 To our desires, we suffer, not commit
 And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
 That we must suffer first, and then be punish't for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle——but what
 Security of Love from her can be like mine?
 Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
 Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
 Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
 First lifted o're the Threshold, and then
 Led by my Parents to *Minerva's Temple*:
 No young unyok'd Heifers blood was offer'd
 To *Diana*; no invocation to *Juno* or the *Parcae*:
 No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
 Nor was your house adorn'd with Garlands then;
 Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
 By my dear Mothers torches to your bed:
 Are these flight things, the bonds of truth and constancy?
 I came all Love into your arms, unmixt
 With other aims; and you for this will cause
 My death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to *Melissa*,
For I shall die to see another have
Poffeſſion of all that e're I wiſht for on earth.

Tim. I would I had not ſeen *Melissa*:——

Evan. Ah my dear Lord, there is ſome comfort left;
Cherish thoſe noble thoughts, and they'l grow ſtronger,
Your awful gratitude and Love will riſe,
And quell the other rebel-paffion in you;
Uſe all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'le die to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be womaniſh; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear;
Farewell: but will you never ſee *Mellissa* more?

Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.

Evan. I will——will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were Mankind in Conftancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celeſtial Spirits!
O could we meet with the ſame tremblings ſtill,
Thoſe panting joyes, thoſe furious deſires,
Thoſe happy trances which we found at firſt!
But, oh!

*Unhappy man, whose moſt tranſporting joy
Feedſ on ſuſh luſcious food as ſoon will cloy,
And that which ſhou'd preſerve, does it deſtroy.*

[*Exit Timon.*

ACT II.

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

WHAT think'ſt thou *Chloe*? will this dreſs become me?
Chlo. Oh, moſt exceedingly! This pretty curle
Does give you ſuſh a killing Grace, I fwear
That all the Youth at the Lord *Timon*'s Mask
Will die for you.

Mel. No: But doft thou think fo *Chloe*? I love
To make thofe Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look fo scornfully, and then with my
Head on one fide, with a languishing eye I do fo
Kill 'em again: Prithee, what do they fay of me,
Chloe?

Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddefis, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupids* flames,
And darts, and Wounds! Oh the rareft language,
'Twould make one die to hear it; and ever now
And then fteal fome gold into my hand,
And then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me?

Chlo. Oh yes, the fineft, propereft Gentlemen——

Mel. But there are not many that die for me? humh——

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Theffalus*, *Eumolpides*
Memnon, and indeed all that fee your Ladifhip.

Mel. I'le fwear? how is my complexion to day? ha *Chloe*?

Chlo. O moft fragrant! 'tis a rare white waflh this!

Mel. I think it is the beft I ever bought; had I not beft
Lay on fome more red *Chloe*?

Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look
So pretty, and fo plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dressing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more! well, if I were fure to be thus pretty but feven.
Years, I'de be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The gods forbid.

Mel. I'le fwear I would; but doft thou think *Timon* will
Like me in this drefs?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any drefs, Madam!

Mel. Oh this vile tailor that brought me not home my new
Habit to day; he deferves the Oftracifme! a Villain,
To disorder me fo; I am afraid it has done harm
To my complexion: I have dreamt of it thefe two nights,
And fhall not recover it this week——

Chlo. Indeed Madam he deferves death from your eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? will not *Timon*
Perceive my disorder?—hah—

Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this killing
Preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the
Young Blades follow, kifs my hand, admire, adore me,
And die for me: but I muſt have but one favour'd
Servant; it is the game and not the quarry, I
Muſt look after it in the reſt.

Chlo. Oh Lord, I would have as many admirers as I could.

Mel. Ay fo would I—but favour one alone.
No, I am refolv'd nothing ſhall corrupt my honeſty;
Thoſe admirers would make one a whore *Chloe*,
And that undoes us, 'tis our intereſt to be honeſt.

Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'de fain ſee
Any of thoſe admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honeſtly and is rich——

Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*:
He is the rareſt perſon!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh he was the beautiſt man,
The fineſt wit in *Athens*, the beſt companion, fulleſt of mirth
And pleaſure, and the prettieſt wayes he had to pleaſe Ladies,
He would make his enemies rejoyce to ſee him.

Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this ſtill.

Mel. Ay, but he has been long baniſh'd for breaking *Mercurieſ*
Images, and profaning the myſteries of *Proſerpine*;
Befides, the people took his Eſtate from him,
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart I ſwear:
I vow methinks I look fo pretty to day, I could
Kifs my ſelf *Chloe*.

Chlo. Oh dear Madam—I could look on you for ever: oh
What a world of murder you'l commit to day!

Mel. Doſt thou think fo? ha! ha! no, no——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs
Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Desire his prefence.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,
Afresh I am wounded every time I fee her:
All happineſs to beautiful *Meliffa*.

Mel. I ſhall want none in you my deareſt Lord.

Tim. Sweeteſt of Creatures, in whom all th' excellenſe
Of heavn'ly Woman-kind is feen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am ſure has no allay, 'tis of
So ſtrong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it——

Tim. Dear charming ſweet, thy value is ſo great,
No Kingdom upon Earth ſhould buy thee from me:
But I have ſtill an enemy with you,
That guards me from my happineſs; a Vow
Againſt the Law of Nature, againſt Love,
The beſt of Nature, and the higheſt Law.

Mel. It will be but a week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, ſtill the time
Seems longer to us: But my dear *Meliffa*,
Why ſhould we bind our ſelves with vows and oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberties ſo narrow, that we need not
Find fetters for our ſelves: No, we ſhould feize
On pleafure whereſoever we can find it,
Left at another time we miſſ it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rafh one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; doſt think I will
Be marri'd like ſome vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the firſt offer, as if ſhe
Were deſperate of having any other?

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your vow?

Mel. If anything, one word of yours wou'd do't:

58

Timon of Athens

1623

But how can you be once secure, I'le keep
A vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come *Melissa*
To interrupt our joyes; let us make sure
O'th' present minute, for the rest perhaps
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a vow;
No, you shall never find a change in me,
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assu're you of my love, if not
Upon my knees I swear——
Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage
With such a fury to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their first Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same adorer of *Melissa*!

Mel. This is so great a blessing Heav'n cann't add to it.
Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, *Melissa*, the last mark
Of all my hopes and wishes, so I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your dinner's ready, and your Lordships
Guests wait your wisht presence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's haft to wait on him *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in order for the Feast.

Poet. His honour will soon be here, I have prepar'd the Maskers ;
They are all ready.

Apem. How now *Poet?* what piece of foppery hast thou to
present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a fencelefs snarling Stoick, and hast no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetrie's infipid, none can taste it :
Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
Writ'ſt nothing but high-founding frothy ſtuff ;
Thou ſpread'ſt, and beat'ſt out thy poor little fence,
'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'ſt impertinent defcription,
And when thou haſt a rapture, it is not
The ſacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like mad-mens thoughts, and this thou call'ſt Poetical.

Poet. You are judge ! ſhall dull Philosophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick ſpirits
Of the Age ?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age :
Are there ſuch eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time ? their moſt unreaſonable heads
Are whimsical, and fantafick as Fidlers,
They are the ſcorn and laughter of all witty men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgement of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a bafe ſnarling Critick ; write your
Self, do and you dare.

Apem. I confeſſ 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a man
Of fence to write to an Age that likes your ſpurious ſtuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't, Apemantus ?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time ſerves alwayes.

Apem. Then what excuse haſt thou, that would'ſt thus long
Omit it ?

Ifid. You stay to be at the Lord Timons feaft.

Apem. Yes, to fee Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Afs to bid me farewell.

Cleon. Why fo?

Apem. Becaufe I have not fo little reaſon or honesty to
Return thee one good wish for it.

Phœax. Go hang thy ſelf.

Apem. I'le do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requeſts to
Thy friend, if there be ſuſh a wretch on earth.

Phœax. Be gon, unpeaceable dog, or I will ſpurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none, I'le fly like a dog the heels of
The Afs.

Nici. He's oppofite to all humanity——

Ælius. Now we ſhall taſte of Timons bounty.

Phœax. He hath a heart brimful of kindneſs and good will——

Ifid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if *Plutus*
The god of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phœax. No Meed but he repayes fev'n-fold above
Its ſelf, no gift but breeds the giver ſuſh
Return as does exceed his wiſhes.

Thraſil. He bears the nobleſt mind that ever govern'd man.

Phœax. Long may he live with prosperous fortunes.
But I fear it——

Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors,
Even of their intereſt.

Phœax. I fear it is too true——well 'tis pity: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon with Meliffa, Chloe, Nicias, and a great train with him.
Here he comes my Noble Lord.

Nici. Moſt worthy Timon!

Ælius. My moſt honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your preſence! is there
On Earth a ſight fo ſplendid, as Tables well
Fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you?
Dear *Meliffa!* be pleas'd to know my friends:
Oh *Apemantus!* thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou ſhalt not make me welcome;

I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'ft me not
 I'le lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think
 On the ebb of your Estate, and flow of debts;
 How many prodigal bits to slaves and flatterers gorge?
 And now 'tis noble *Timon* worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*,
 And when the means is gone that buyes this praiife,
 The breath is gone, whereof the praiife is made.

Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities,
 So the gods bleſs me.
 When all your Offices have been opprefte
 With riotous feeders, when every Vault has wept
 With drunken ſplith of wine, when every room
 Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minſtrels,
 Or roaring finging drunkards; I have retir'd
 To my poor homely Cell, and fet my eyes
 At flow for thee, becaufe I find ſomething in
 Thee that might be worthy——but as thou art I
 Hate and ſcorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Estate, I
 Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
 The deareſt loving Friends that ever man
 Was bleſt with.

Nic. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to ſhow how
 We love and honour you!

Ælius. That you wou'd once but uſe our hearts.

Ifand. We'd lay 'em out all in your ſervice.

Phœax. Yes, all our ſelves, if you wou'd put us to a
 Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd ſerve me all;
 Shall I diſtruct my Friends? I have often wiſht
 My ſelf poorer that I might uſe you——We are
 Born to do good one to another: Friends,
 Unless we uſe 'em, are like ſweet instruments hung
 Up in cafes: But oh, what a precious comfort
 'Tis to have ſo many like Brothers, commanding
 One anothers fortunes! Trust me, my joy brings water

To my eyes.

Phœax. Joy had the like conception in my eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho——I laugh to think that it conceiv'd a Baftard.

Tim. What dost thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so, Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge. These Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers Would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence, the dog.

Phœax. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt a Lord is Kneaded!

Tim. The man I think is honest, and his humor hurts us not.

Apem. I would my reaſon wou'd do thee good, *Timon.*

Mel. This is an odd snarling fellow; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'de fay the fame of thee.

Mel. Why? prethee what dost thou think of me?

Tim. He'll snarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth, The Picture of Vanity drawn to th'life; I am thinking how handsome that Skull will Be when all the Flesh is off; that face thou art So proud of, is a poor vain, transitory thing, And shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not so fullen; I'll be kind To thee and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too, There would be none left to rail at thee, and then Thou'dſt ſin the faster: *Timon*, thou giveſt ſo long, Thou'llt shortly give thy ſelf away.

Tim. I'll hear no more: let him have a Table by Himself.

Apem. Let me have ſome Roots and Water, ſuch as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musickē.

A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himselfe.

Ventig. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thankes and seruice, from whose helpe
I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no means,
Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue,
I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiuers:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble spirit.
Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a gloffe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneffe, forry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true frienship, there needs none.
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me,

i. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.
Aper. Ho ho, confest it? Hang'd it? Haue you not?
Tim. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.
Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thruft me out of doores.
Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They say my Lords, *Irasfuror breuis est*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:

[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.*

Tim. Sit Dear *Melissa*, this is your Feast:
 And all you fee is yours.
 And all that you can wifh for shall be so.
 Come, fit Lords, no Ceremony,
 That was devis'd at first to fet a glois
 On feigned deeds, and hollow-hearted welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, forry ere 'tis shwon:
 True friendhip needs 'em not: you're more welcome
 To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

[*They fit.*

Will you not have some Meat *Apemantus*?

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I should
 Ne'r flatter ye; Ye Gods, what a number of men
 Eat *Timon*! and yet he fees 'em not.
 It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
 In one man's Bloud, and all the madnes is
 He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
 I wonder men dare truist themselvses with men;
 Methinks they shou'd invite them without knives,
 'Twere safer far. That fellow that fits next him,
 Now parts bread with him, pledges his breath
 In a divided Draught, may next day kill him;
 Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
 I shou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
 Lest they shou'd spy my Wind Pipes dang'rous places.
 Great Men should drink with Harness on their Throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Melissa*'s health go round

Ælius. Let it flow this way——

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*

Apem. How this pomp shows to a little Oyl and Roots?
 These healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phœax. Peace Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
 Here's honest Water ne'r left man i'th'mire,
 This and my Root will still keep down

For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obferue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I
my selfe would haue no power, prythee let my meate make thee silent.

Aper. I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I should nere flatter thee.
Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he fees 'em not?
It greeues me to see fo many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the
madneffe is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselues with men.
Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.

There's much example for't, the fellow that fits next him, now parts bread
with him, pledges the breath of him in a diuided draught: is the readiest
man to kill him. 'Tas beene proud, if I were a| huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes dangerous noates,
great men should drinke with harneffe on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his tides well, thofe
healths will make thee and thy fstate looke ill, *Timon*.

Heere's that which is too weake to be a finner,
Honeft water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feasts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue fo fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that feemes asleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall too't:
Richmen fin, and I eat root.

My fawcy and presumptuous Flefh,
That it fhall never get the better of me——

Apemantus's Grace.

*Immortal Gods I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no man but my self,
Grant I may never be fo fond
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that feems a fleeping,
Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I shou'd need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and fo fall to't,
Great Men fin, and I eat Root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wish my best friends at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'ſt kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happineſſe my Lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might exprefſe ſome part of our zeales, we ſhould thiſke our ſelues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themſelves haue prouided that I ſhall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elſe. Why haue you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my ſelue, then you can with modeſtie ſpeake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thiſke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if we ſhould ne're haue need of 'em? They were the moſt needleſſe Creatures liuing; ſhould we ne're haue vſe for 'em? And would moſt reſemblē ſweete Instruments hung vp in Cafes, that keepes there ſounds to themſelues. Why I haue often wiſht my ſelue poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a preſious comfort t'is, to haue ſo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'en made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thiſks, to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'ſt to make them drinke, *Timon.*

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies, And at that instant, like a babe ſprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho; I laugh to thiſke that babe a baſtard.

3. *Lord.* I promife you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Much good may't do thee good *Apemantus*.

Nici. Our noble Lord *Timon's* health, let it go round,
And Drums, and Trumpets found.

[*Kettle Drums, &c.*]

Apem. What madnes is the pomp, the noife, the splendor,
The frantick Glory of this foolish life!
We make our felves fools to disport our felves,
And vary a thoufand antick ugly shapes
Of Folly and of Madnes these fill up
The fenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantaftick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalfe of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours muft govern all the Council,
And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I Speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phœax*.

Phœax. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*,
(Whofe Enemies you have been, and whofe Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*;
Not openly because he will not truft
The Infolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
If he follicites his recallment with you,
There lives not on this earth a man that has
Deserv'd fo well from the Nobility;
He has preferv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile,
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedemonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in afhes.
How many famous Battels has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his abfence he has wrefted
The Government from the infulting Vulgar;

Whose Wisedom's Blindnes, and whose Power is Madnes :
 And plac'd it in your noble Hands ; methinks
 You in return shoulde take off his hard sentence
 Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Phœax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
 That we would disobey ?

Nici. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord *Timon* !

Apem. Thinkst thou thy self thy Countries friend now *Timon* ?
 His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust,
 His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
 His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
 His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonnes,
 The Rage and Madnes of his Luxury
 Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
 Will soon make thine.

Ifod. Hang him, we never mind him.

Ifand. When will he feakp well of any man ?

Apem. When I can find a man that's better than
 A beast, I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
 Is the Mafque ready ?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out
 To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites !
 They spend their flatteries to devour thos men
 Upon whose Age they'l void it up agen
 With poysonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves ?
 Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves
 Of their friends giving ? I should fear that those
 Who now are going to dance before me,
 Should one day stamp on me : it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
 I'll hear no more—— be gone.

Apem. Thou may'ft be fure I will not stay to see
 Thy folly any longer, fare thee well ; remember

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servuant.

Ser. Pleafe you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Moſt defirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to ſignifie their pleafures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties tafte: the fiue beſt Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious boſome.

There taſt, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rife:

They onely now come but to Feaſt thine eies.

Tim. They're wecome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Muficke make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday,

What a ſweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneſſe is the glory of this life,

As this pompe ſhewes to a little oyle and roote.

We make our felues Fooles, to diſport our felues,

And ſpend our Flatteries, to drinke thofe men,

Vpon whofe Age we voyde it vp agen

With poyfonous Spight and Enuy.

Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;

Who dyes, that beares not one ſpurne to their graues

Of their Friends guift:

I ſhould feare, thofe that dance before me now,

Would one day ſtampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,

Men ſhut their doores againſt a ſetting Sunne.

Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self for't.

Tim. I do not think so—— fare thee well.

[Exit Apemantus.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, therefore some Ladies masqu'd desire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry Athenian? They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*.

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country!
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him firſt of any man's.
How lucky 'tis I hould put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra with Ladies masqu'd.

Tim. Ladies, you do my house and me great honour;
I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might fee to whom I owe the Obligation.

1. *Lad.* We ask your pardon, we are stoln out upon
Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure Ladies, shall be mine.

Evans. This is the fine gay thing so much admit'd,
That's born to rob me of my happiness,
And of my life; her face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:
Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all,
There's nothing natural: She always acts
And never shews her self; How blind is Love
That cannot fee this Vanity!

[Masque begins.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their
Ioues, each singe out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftie
straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.*

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praises fill the Air.*

Chorus. *On every side the charming sound
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.*

Retornella

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus. *But Winter puts out their desire,
with Flutes. And half the year they want Loves fire.*

Retornella,

Full *|But Ah how much are our delights more dear,*
Chorus. *|For only Humane Kind love all the year.*

Enter the Mænades and Ægipanes.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deities
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind childish power.*

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,
And sneak and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.*

Chorus *|Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his foul,
with |Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
Hout-boys |If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.*

Nymph. Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine,
 Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
 Soak your Brains over night and your sneses resign,
 And forget all you did the next Morning.

Nymph. With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,
 And never discover true Joy:
 Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,
 The Empire he flights, he'd destroy.

1 Bach. Better our heads, than hearts should ake,
 His childish Empire we despise;
 Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
 And force a Lover to be wise.

Better, &c.

2 Bach. Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
 And takes the Terrour off from War.
 To Love affliction it gives ease,
 And to its Joy does best prepare.
 It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. 'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,
 The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
 It makes the youthful Poets write,
 And does the Old to Youth improve.

Retornella of Hout-boys.

Bach. 'Tis Wine that Revels in their Veins
 Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
 Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
 And makes the young Love Chains despise.

Retornella.

Nymphs and |

Shepherds. | Love rules the World.

Mænades and |

Ægipanes. | 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.

Nymphs and |

Shepherds. | 'Tis Love, 'tis Love.

Mænades and |

Ægipanes. | 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
 Much grace (faire Ladies)
 Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not halfe so beautiful, and kinde:
 You haue added worth vintoo't, and luster,
 And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
 I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the beft.

Aper. Faith for the worft is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
 Please you to dispofe your felues.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. Flavius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?

There is no croffing him in's humor,
 Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
 When all's spent, hee'lde be croft then, and he could:
 'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
 That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.

Exit.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readineffe.

2 Lord. Our Horfes.

Tim. O my Friends:

I haue one word to fay to you: Looke you, my good L.
 I must intreat you honour me so much,
 As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
 Kinde my Lord.

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,
And we together rule Mankind.*

General *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join*

Chorus. *To sound the loud praise of Love and good Wine.*

*Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down.
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.*

Tim. 'Tis well desighn'd, and well perform'd, and I'll
Reward you well: let us retire into my next
Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleafures for you,
And where I will distribute fome fmall Prefents,
To teftifie my Love and Gratitude.

Phœax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it felf.

Tim. Thus my *Melissa* will we always spend
Our time in Pleafures; but whoe're enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords sum'd up in that.

Evan. Theſe words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'l honour me with your preſence,
And accept of a Collation.

I. Lady. We ask your pardon, and muſt leave you.

Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd ſpeak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleased Madam, to retire with your father,
I'll wait on you inſtantly.

[to *Melissa*.]

[*Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.*

Who are you Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her laſt leave of you.

Tim. Evandra! What conſuſion am I in!

Evan. I am forry in the midſt of all your joys
I ſhould diſturb you thus: I had a mind
To fee you once before I dy'd; I ne'r
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear theſe killing words.

Evan. They'l be my laſt, and therefore give'em room:

I Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I befeech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarfe know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord *Lucius!*
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Prefents
Be worthily entertain'd.

I am haftning to my death, then you'l be happy,
 I ne'r shall interrupt your joys again,
 Unlesis the Memory of me should make
 You drop some tears upon my dust; I know
 Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
 And lov'd you so, that she cou'd dye to make
 You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra!* that would make
 Me wretched far below all misery;
 I'd rather kill my self than hear that news:
 I call the gods to witness, there's not one
 On Earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!
 It is too weak a Cordial to preserve
 My fading life, I fee your passion's grown
 Too headstrong for you. Oh my dearest *Timon!*
 I, while I have any breath, must call you so;
 Had you once straggled for my sake,
 And striven to oppose the raging fury of
 Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.
 But Oh! false to your self, to all my hopes,
 And me; you fukst the subtile poyson in
 So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from her
 The truest and the tendereft Love that e'r
 Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease
 T' admit a Cure: I will perfwade no longer;
 Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you still:
 I can love two at once, trufst me I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing:
 I love you so, I cannot live to fee
 That dear, that moft ador'd person in anothers arms:
 My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
 And broken meat, that falls from your *Melissa*.

No dear false Man, you soon shall be at rest,
I came but to receive a parting Kiss :
You'll not deny me that ?

Tim. I will not part with you ; we'll be friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the last, I'll never see you more ;
And may *Melissa* ever love you as
The Excellence of your form deserves ; and may
She please you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods ! Why should I not love this Woman best ?
She has deserv'd beyond all measure from me ;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are ;
But I have had her Love already.
Oh most accursed Charm, that thus perverts me !

To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one last look of that
Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
Oh, I could devour it with my eyes : but I'll
Remove it from thee. I ne're
Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.

Evand. No, dearest Enemy, I'll remove the guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

[Offers to stab her self.]

Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life
Preserve thy own ; for here I swear, that minute
When thou attemptst thy life, I will lose mine.
Where's *Diphilus* ?

Enter *Diphilus*.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self :
Sh'is agitated by a dang'rous passion.
My dear ! let *Diphilus* wait on thee home ;

[Afide.]

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What newes?

3. Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,

And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purfe, or yield me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises flye so beyond his stafe,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word:
He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies excede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits,
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2. Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receyue it.

3 Lord. O he's the very foule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good words the other day of a Bay Courfer I rod on. Tis yours because you lik'd it.

1 L. Oh, I befeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

As soon as ever my Company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evand. No, no; I cannot hope——farewell for ever.

[*Ex. Diph. and Evand.*]

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort;
For the Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty ———
O miserable state of humane life!
We slight all the injourments which we have;
And those things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here my Lord: I beg your Lordship hear me speak.
I have busines that concerns you nearly ———

Tim. Some other time; of late thou doſt perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of busines,
That mortal Foe to pleasure, I'll not hear it.

[*Ex. Timon.*]

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.
His promises fly so beyond his 'ftate,
That what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
His money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; left he shou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his service. Well!

*Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such who do ev'n Enemies exceed.*

[*Ex. Demet.*]

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can justly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your feuerall viſitationſ
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore fildome rich,
It comes in Charitiſ to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mongſt the dead: and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alic. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. Lord. We are ſo vertuously bound.

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2. Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1. Lord. The beſt of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords.

Aper. What a coiles heere, ſeruing of becketes, and iutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the fummes that are giuen for 'em. Friendſhips full of dregges, Me thinkes false hearts, ſhould neuer haue found legges. Thus honeſt Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtſies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not fullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I ſhould be bribe'd too, there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou wou'dſt finne the faster. Thou giu'it ſo long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy ſelfe in paper ſhortly. What needs theſe Feaſts, pompeſ, and Vaine-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am ſworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Muficke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee, thou ſhalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:

Oh that mens eares ſhould be
To Counſell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit

1678

Timon of Athens

91

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiew thousand: to *Varro* and to *Ifidore*
 He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
 Which makes it fiew and twenty. Still in motion
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
 If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
 And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
 If I would sell my Horfe, and buy twenty moe
 Better then he; why giue my Horfe to *Timon*.
 Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
 And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
 Can found his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere fir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haft you to Lord *Timon*,
 Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceaft
 With flight denial; nor then silenc'd, when
 Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
 Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
 My Vies cry to me; I muft ferue my turne
 Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paft,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Haue fmit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
 But muft not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
 Muft not be toft and turn'd to me in words,
 But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
 Put on a moft importunate aspect,
 A vifage of demand: for I do feare
 When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go fir.

Sen. I go fir?
 Take the Bonds along with you,
 And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no strop, so senselesse of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
 Nor ceafe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
 How things go from him, nor refume no care
 Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
 Was to be so vnwife, to be so kinde.
 What fhall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Ifidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varros* what, you come for money?
Var. Is't not your busineffe too?
Cap. It is, and yours too, *Ifidore*?
Ifid. It is so.
Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.
Var. I feare it,
Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So foone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
 My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?
Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? whence are you?
Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.
Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
 To the fucceffion of new dayes this moneth:
 My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
 To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,

That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* feruant, my good Lord.

Ifid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Mafterers wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, fixe weekes, and paſt.

Ifi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am fent exprefſely to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Giue me breath:

I do beſeech you good my Lorde keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you inſtantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long fince due debts
Againſt my Honor?

Stew. Pleafe you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this bufineſſe:
Your importunacie ceafe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip vnderſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do fo my Friends, ſee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Ifid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doſt Foole?

Ape. Doſt Dailogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy ſelfe. Come away.

Ifi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

1678

Timon of Athens

97

Ape. No thou stand'ſt angle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laſt ask'd the queſtione. Poore Rogues, and Vſurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Affes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your felues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Miftris?

Foole. She's e'ne ſetting on water to ſcal'd ſuch Chickens as you are. Would we could fee you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Mafters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wife Company. How doft thou *Apemantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the ſupercription of theſe Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Baſtard, and thou'ſt dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou ſhalt famiſh a Dogges death. Anſwer not, I am gone.

Exit

Ape. E'ne ſo thou out-runſt Grace, Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leauue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* ſtay at home. You three ferue three Vſurers?

All. I would they feru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I think no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach fadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away fadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lese esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourefcore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wife man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'ft.

Ape. That answere might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not always follow Louer, 'elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk e n eere,
Ile speake with you anon.

Tim. You make me ruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leyfures I propofe.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance fome fingle vantages you tooke,

Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Timon and Demetrius.

Tim. **D** *Emetruis!*
How comes it that I have been thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjust detention of money long fince due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my state fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid 'em before you —— you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.
I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
To hold your hand more cloſe and was rebuk't for't.

When my indilposition put you backe,
And that vnaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honftie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gaints th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not sildome, nor no flight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your hausing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proofe. So the Gods bleffe me,
When all our Offices haue beene opprefte
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wasteful cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. You should have prest it further.

Dem. What e're I durst I did, it was my interest,
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
Oh my good Lord, the world is but a world,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no money in the Treasury?

Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future comes apace.

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst what Parasites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shall find that I
Have not misplac'd my Bounty, why dost weep?
I am rich in friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my fortune.
Now I shall try my friends. Who waits there?

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaves and Pezants
This night engluttet: who is not *Timon*,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but it L. *Timon*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praiife,
The breath is gone, whereof this praiife is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showers,
These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come fermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwifely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why doft thou weepe, canſt thou the conſcience lacke,
To thinke I ſhall lacke friends; ſecure thy heart,
If I would broach the veffels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vſe
As I can bid thee ſpeake.

Ste. Assurance bleffe your thoughts.

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleffings. For by theſe
Shall I trie Friends. You ſhall perceiue
How you miſtake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flauius*, *Seruilius*?

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you feuerally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day;
you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loues; and I am proud fay, that
my occaſions haue found time to vſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony: let the
requeſt be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue ſaid, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Enter three Servants.

1 *Ser.* My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phœax* and to *Cleon*, you to *Isander*.
And *Ælius*, you to *Isodore* and *Thrasillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty Talents from each man.

1 *Serv.* We will, my Lord.

Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Deferu'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th'infstant
A thoufand Talents to me.

Ste. I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the moft generall way)
To them, to vfe your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They anfwar in a ioyant and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treature cannot
Do what they would, are forrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wiſht, they know not,
Something hath beene amiffe; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,
And fo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſtefull looks; and theſe hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. Theſe old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindlye warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
If fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventiddius* (prythee be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniouſly I ſpeake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventiddius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: When he was poore,
Imprifon'd, and in ſcarfitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembered
With thoſe five Talents; that had, giu't theſe Fellowes

Tim. Thou, *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States best health I have deserv'd
This hearing. Petition them to fend me 500 Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of
Importunate slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.

[*Ex. Dem.*

Tim. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne're kept man out, but smil'd and did invite
All that past by it, in, and must he be
My Gaoler, and my Hous'e my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: my friends will never fail me.

[*Exit.*

To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can finke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others fo.

Exeunt

Scene is the Porch or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus speaking to the people and several Senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases of Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious. Behold the poorest miserable wretch Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery, The Fool will find out something to be proud of.

Aelius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall have 'em, Mean while, if I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phœax. Our Government is too remiss in suffering the Licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling, who's puffed up, And swells with the opinion of his greatness; He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so, But to make others do it? wretched Ass!

By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it. Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat, And drink, and void his excrements and stink, Like other men, and die and rot so too?

What then shou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord; And that's a word some other men cannot Prefix before their names: what then? a word That it was born to, and then it could not help it.

Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was [Enter Timon's 3 Servants. By blindness or partiality i'th' Government. If for desert, he loses it in Pride; Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs

Them for himself; himself shou'd then reward 'em.
 Oh but perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one
 There was villany in the getting of that dirt,
 And he has the Nobility to have knaves for his Ancestors.

Phæax. Hang thee thou snarling Raſcal, the Government's
 To blame in ſuffering thee to rail fo long,

Apem. The Government's to blame in ſuffering the things
 I rail at.

In ſuffering Judges without Beards, or Law, Secretaries that
 Can't write;

Generals that durſt not fight, Ambaffadors that can't ſpeak fence;
 Block-heads to be great Minifters, and Lord it over witty men;
 Suffering great men to ſell their Country for filthy bribes,
 Old limping Senators to ſell their Souls

For vile extortiōn: Matrons to turn incontinent;
 And Magiftrates to pimp for their own Daughters.

Ruine of Orphans, treachery, murther, rapes,
 Inceſts, adulteries and unnatural fins,
 Fill all your dwellings, here's the shame of Government,
 And not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads,
 And fear'd hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government,
 That is fo froward it cannot bear mens words.

Ælius. Well, babbling Philosophy, call Raſcal, we ſhall make
 You tremble one day.

Apem. Never.

Sordid great man! it is not in your power,
 I fear not man no more than I can love him.
 'Twere better for us that wild beaſts poſſeſt
 The Empire of the Earth, they'd uſe men better,
 Than they do one another. They'd ne're prey
 On man but for neceſſity of Nature.

Man undoſ man in wantonneſs and ſport,
 Bruits are much honeſter than he; my dog
 When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
 He is in earneſt; but a man ſhall ſmile,
 And wiſh my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, fay'ſt thou?

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a seruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord Timons men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreamp't of a Siluer Bafon & Ewre to night. *Flaminus*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie respectiuelly welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayster?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present affistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting fayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to haue him spend leffe, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, euery man has his fault, and honestly is his I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminus*, I haue noted thee alwayes wife. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speake your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee adwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst use the time wel, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone firrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman,

1 *Serv.* Yes! he faies he's proud he has occasion to make Use of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that?

[*Afide.*]

Unfortunate man! I have not half a Talent by me!

But here are other Lords can do it.

I honour him so, that if he will, I'll sell my Land for him;

But prethee excuse me to him, I am in great hafte

At this time.

[*Ex.* Cleon.]

1 *Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How monstrous and deform'd a Thing is base ingratitude! Here's *Phœax*. My Lord?

Phœax. Oh! one of Lord *Timons* men? a gift I warrant you.

Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver Bafon and

Ewer to night. How does that honourable, compleat,

Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

1 *Serv.* Well in his health, my Lord.

Phœax. I am heartily glad, what haft thou under thy Cloak, honest youth?

1 *Serv.* An empty Box which by my Lords Command I come to entreat your Honour to supply with fifty Talents He has instant need of. He bids me say he does not Doubt your friendship.

Phœax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord! He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept so good a Houfe, 'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him, And told him of it, and come again to Supper for That purpose to have him spend leſs, but 'twould not do: I am forry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful and of Good parts.

1 *Serv.* Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Phœax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'ſt What's reaſon. And canſt uſe thy time well, if the time uſe Thee well — — 'Tis no time to lend money. Thou art wife, Here's money for thee — — good Lad wink at me and fay Thou faw'ſt me not.

1 *Serv.* Is't poſſible the World ſhould differ ſo, And we alive that liv'd in't?

but thou art wife, and thou know'ſt well enough (although thou com'ſt to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendſhippe without ſecuritie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and ſay thou ſaw'ſt mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned beſeneffe
To him that worhips thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I ſee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Maſter.

Exit L.

Flam. May theſe adde to the number yt may ſcald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou diſeafe of a friend, and not himſelfe:
Has friendſhip ſuſh a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in leſſe than two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Maſters paſſion. This Slave vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why ſhould it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyſon?
O may Diſeaſes onely worke vpon't:
And when he's ſicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell fickneſſe, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three ſtrangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leſſe, thogh we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie hoyres are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullius*, to borrow ſo many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a ſtrange cafe was that? Now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour ſhew'd

Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves again
To feast with thy luxurious Lord?

1 Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
And this Lord has given me this to say, I did not see him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?
Bafe flavigh *Phœax*, thou of the Nobility?
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.

Phœax. Peace Dog.

Apem. Thou worse! thou trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou haft *Timons* meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
And doft deny him money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poifon?

2 Serv. My noble Lord.

Ifand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my nobleft friend?

2 Serv. May it please your honour, he has fent ——

Ifan. Hah —— what has he fent? I am fo much oblig'd
To him, he's ever fending. How shall I thank him? hah,
What has he fent?

2 Serv. He has fent me to tell you he has occafion
To uſe your friendship, he has instant need
Of fifty Talents ——

Ifan. Is that the busineſſ? hah!
I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.

2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is affur'd of your Honours
Friendſhip.

Ifan. Thou art not ſure in earneſt?

2 Serv. Upon my life I am.

Ifan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? to disfurniſh
My ſelf upon fo good a time,
When I might have ſhown how much I love
And honour him: This is the grateſt affliction
E're fell upon me: the Gods can witneſſ for me
I was juſt fending to my Lord my ſelf:
I have no power to ſerve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the beſt;
Beaſt that I am, that the firſt good occaſion

in't. For my owne part, I must needes confesse, I haue receyued some small kindnesse from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mistooke him, and fent to me, I shoulde ne're haue denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue fwet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindly met fir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquifite Friend.

Seruil. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath fent —

Luci. Ha? what ha's he fent? I am fo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer fending: how shall I thank him think'ſt thou? And what has he fent now?

Seruil. Has onely fent his preſent Occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his iſtant uſe with fo many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty fwe hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants leſſe my Lord. If his occaſion were not vertuous, I ſhould not vrge it halfe fo faithfully.

Luc. Dofthou ſpeake feriouſly Seruilius?

Seruil. Vpon my foule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I miſt ha ſhewn my ſelfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I ſhould Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? Seruilius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I ſay) I was fending to vfe Lord Timon my ſelfe, theſe Gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the faireſt of mee, becauſe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleafe ſuſh an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruilius, will you befriend mee fo farre, as to vfe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes fir, I ſhall.

Exit Seruil.

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne Seruilius. True as you faid, Timon is ſhrunke indeede,

Shou'd not be in my power to use; I beg
A thoufand pardons. —— Tell him so ——

Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer friend!
How often haft thou dip i'th' dish with him?
He has been a Father to thee with his purse,
Supported thyestate; when e're thou drink'ft,
His silver kiffes thy bafe Lips, thou rid'ft upon
His Horses, ly'ft on his Beds.

Ifan. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out.

[Ex. Ifan.

2 Serv. My Lord, *Thrasillus* ——

Thra. He's comes to borrow, I muft shun him.
I hope your Lord is well.

2 Serv. Yes, my Lord, and has fent me ——

Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haft ——
But I'll wait on him if I can poffible.

[Ex. Thra.

Apem. Good Fool, go home. Doft think to find a grateful
Man in *Athens*?

3 Serv. If my Lord's occasions did not prefs him very much
I would not urge it.

Aelius. Why would he fend to me? I am poor. There's
Phœax, *Cleon*, *Isodore*, *Thrasillus*, and *Isander*, and many
Men that owe their fortunes to him.

3 Serv. They have been toucht and found bafe mettle.

Aelius. Have they deny'd him; and muft you come to me?
Must I be his laft refuge? 'tis a great flight,
Must I be the laft fough't to? he might have
Conifer'd who I am.

3 Serv. I fee he did not know you.

Aelius. I was the firft that e're receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honours fake,
But at preſent I cannot poffibly fupply him:
Befides, my Father made me fwear upon
His Death, I never ſhould lend money.
I've kept the Oath e're fince. Fare thee well.

[Ex. Aelius.

3 Serv. They all fly us!

Apem. The barbarous Herd of mankind shun
One in affliction, and turn him out as

And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

1 Do you obserue this *Hostilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds soule,
And iuft of the same peece
Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, may *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh fee the monifrouinelle of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceffity made vfe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beft halfe should haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men must learne now with pitty to dispence,
For Policy fits aboue Confcience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prisone. All theſe
Owes their eftates vnto him.

Deer do one that's hunted, go, go home
 To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curse himself,
 That would not hear me: bid him live on root
 And water, and know himself; he had better
 Have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by them.

[Ex. Omnes.

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mell. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i'th' world?
 With what amazement will the news of this
 So sudden alteration be receiv'd by all Athenians?

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as death or fate! my father has assur'd me
 Of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all
 His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will swallow him.
 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand upon my guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him,
 Say I am not well. I will not be seen: be sure I
 Be not.

Chlo. I warrant you.

[Ex. Chloe.

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base poverty
 Shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades*
 Recall'd, he would adore me still, and wou'd be
 Rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in dis guise, and Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in dis guise, I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does.

[Pulls off his Dis guise.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!

The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
 And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more welcome
 To me than the return of the Suns heat

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he fende to me? Three? Humh?
It shewes but little loue, or iudgment in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Phyfitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much diigrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I see no fense for't,
But his Occasions might haue wooed me firt:
For in my confience, I was the firt man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it laft? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'reft, and 'mong'it Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had fent to me firt, but for my mindes fake:
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answere ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.

Exit

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croffed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villaines of man will fet him cleere. How fairely this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would fet whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.
This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberall courfe allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his houfe.

Exit.

Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkneſs.

Alcib. My Joy, my life, my blood, my foul, my liberty,
Within my arms: This treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee,
All day I figh'd and wiſht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the night thou entertain'dſt my ſleeps,
And whenſoe're I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy love
Is of fo ſtrong a ſpirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kifs and take my foul; another and
'Twill fally out; Oh, I could fix whole ages on
Thy tender lip; and pity all the Fools
That keep a fenſeſeſs poſter in the world for pow'r,
And pomp, and noife, and loſe ſubſtantial bliſs.

Mel. There is no bliſs but love; and but for that
The world would fall in pieces! Oh, with what a grief
Have I ſustain'd thy abſence! had not my Father
Prevented my eſcape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens* safety that thou did'ſt not;
I had neglected all my Conquests which
Preferved this bafe ungrateful town; for I
In thee ſhou'd have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'ſt have been life, liberty, Country, and Estate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wiſhes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They ſoon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every ſtroke the memory of *Melissa*
Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.

Mel. Oh, let ambition never more diſturb

122

Timon of Athens

1623

Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
 Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
 Clashing of arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
 Of bleeding men entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.
 Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
 Toss their usurpous bags about their ears,
 Rifle their Housers, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
 And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
 But dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
 Have been united, let's not stay for friends,
 For ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
 True love's above sensible formalties.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
 This would; but know, none shall invade my vertue
 Without my life: but on my knees I vow
 No other man, though Crown'd the Emperour
 Of all the World, should ever have my love,
 And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
 I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here
 I swear, that could I conquer all the Universe,
 I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
 For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
 An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
 Mock Deities which knavish Priests invent,
 Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet
 Forgotten his enmity, the breaking of the
 Peace with the Lacedemonians, and his foil
 Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
 Hee'l not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance,
 I would have forgotten him for begetting thee.

[*Exeunt.*

124

Timon of Athens

1623

Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus? what large professions
Did all these make but yesterday? did they all refuse to lend,
Say you?

i Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soon
Disperst, and then at sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who suspected not when they were mov'd,
Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll go to 'em
My self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius*! what news bring'st thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are to ebb, want Treasure, cannot,
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wisht; they know not,
Something has been amiss; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;
And so intending other serious matters,
After disfateful looks, and these hard fractons,
With certain half caps and cold careleſs nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villany, Old men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel,
And Nature as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a bleſſing to be mad?
Demetrius follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus & Hortensius*

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro*.

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one busynesse do's command vs all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord feene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at feauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorтер with him:
You must consider, that a Prodigall course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:
'Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purse, that is: One may reach deepe
enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile shew you how t'obserue a strange euent:
Your Lord fends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he doe's.

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of Timons guift,
For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how strange it showes,
Timon in this, shoud pay more then he owes:
And e'en as if your Lord shoud weare rich Iewels,
And fend for money for 'em.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate House.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of Rascals here?
Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.

1 *Cred.* We wait for certain sums of money due.

Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon him,
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her suddenly.

1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 *Cred.* Here's mine.

3 *Cred.* And mine.

4 *Cred.* My Master's.

Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
Cleave me to the waste. What would you have, you Harpyes?

1 *Cred.* We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 *Cred.* My Master's is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my blood.

2 *Cred.* Five thousand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours, and yours?

3 *Cred.* My Lord.

1 *Cred.* My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces, will you?

The gods confuse, confound, and rot you all.

1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?

2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneffe:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thoufand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thoufand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th'fum
Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. *Flaminius?* Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, fir?

2. Varro. By your leaue, fir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, fir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intreft into their glutt'nois Mawes.
You do your felues but wrong, to stirre me vp,
Let me passe quietly:

Beleeu't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answere will not serue.

Stew. If't 'twill not serue, 'tis not so bafe as you,
For you serue Knaues.

1. Varro. How? What does his casheer'd Worship mutter?

3 *Cred.* Let's go, hee'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me. Slaves, Creditors, Dogs, preferve my wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; paffion mends it not.

[*Lampridius, croffes the stage and shuns Timon.*

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Prison. His Father dead fince, and he rich. Now the Villain Shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax*.

Phæax. Oh my Lord —— I am glad to see your Lordship. I have a sudden occasion calls me hence, I'll wait on you instantly.

[*Ex. Phæax.*

Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.

Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see If I can serve your Lordship in the Command I receiv'd from you by your Servant.

[*Ex. Cleon.*

Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him, Cost me three thoufand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like theſe.

Tim. There are not many ſure ſo bad. How have I lov'd theſe men, and ſhewn 'em kindneſs, As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

[*Enter Diphilus, ſeeing Timon, mufles his face and turns away.* Look, is not that my Servant Diphilus, whom I marry'd to The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an eſtate too; And now he hides himſelf, and ſteals from me? How much is a Dog more generous than a man; Oblige him once, hee'll keep you Company, Ev'n in your utmoft want and mifery.

2. *Varro*. No matter what, |hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has no houfe to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee shal know some answere.

Seru. If I might befeech you Gentlemen, to repayre some other houre, I shoud deriue much from't. For tak't of my soule, my Lord leanes wonderoully to discontent: His comfortable temper has forfooke him, he's much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not fickle:
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he shoud the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruili. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for answere, fir.

Flaminius within. *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my paassage?
Haue I bin ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Pholo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in summes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Fiue thoufand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Fiue thoufand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord —— *Ælius.*
Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would speak
 With him —— [Dem. goes to him, he turns back.]

Do you not know me *Ælius*?

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then?

Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your Lordship with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse me money,
 Wou'd venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power
 To supply you; but I am going to the Forum, to a Debter,
 If I receive any, your Lordship shall command it. [Ex. *Ælius*.]

Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Knees of th' Athenians,
 And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thrafillus.

Thras. Who's there? *Timon*?

[runs back.]

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Ifander.

How is't *Ifander*?

Ifand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon*!

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so dreadful
 An Object? is poverty contagious?

Ifand. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me.
 It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you
 When you sent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.
 I humbly ask your pardon; I'll sell all I have
 But I'll supply you soон. [Ex. *Ifander*.]

Tim. Smooth tongue, dissembling, weeping knave, farewell.
 And farewell all Mankind! It shall be so —— *Demetrius*!

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you. *Exit Timon.*

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Enter Timon.

Exeunt.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the flaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe, *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa:* All, Ile once more feaft the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distracted foule; there's not so much left to furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:

Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. *Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:

'Tis necessary he shoud dye:

Nothing imboldens finne so much, as Mercy.

2. *Most* true; the Law shall bruife 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compaffion to the Senate.

1. *Now* Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,

And none but Tyrants vfe it cruelly.

It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie

Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood

Half stopt into the Law: which is past depth

To thosse that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.

Go to all thesee fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean?

[*Ex.* Demetrius.]

Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me,
And while *Melissa's* kind I can't be miserabla;
She has a vaft fortune in her own difposal.
The Sun will sooner leave his course than the
Defert me.

He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
 Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
 (And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
 But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
 Seeing a Reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his Foe:
 And with such sober and vnnoted paffion
 He did behooue his anger ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

i. Sen. You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
 Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
 Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
 To bring Man-flaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
 Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
 Is Valour mif-begot, and came into the world,
 When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
 Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breath,
 And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,
 To weare them like his Rayment, careleffly,
 And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
 What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

i. Sen. You cannot make grosse finnes looke cleare,
 To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauor, pardon me,
 If I speake like a Captaine.
 Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
 And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
 And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
 Without repugnancy? If there be
 Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
 Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
 And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon?

The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge?
 If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords!
 As you are great, be pittifuly Good,
 Who cannot condemne rashneffe in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is finnes extreamest Guft,
 But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
 To be in Anger, is impietie:
 But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
 Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breath in vaine.

Alci. In vaine?

His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
 And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
 How full of valour did he beare himselfe
 In the laft conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:
 He's sworne Riotor, he has a finne
 That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
 If there were no Foes, that were enough
 To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,
 He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
 And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
 His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
 My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
 Though his right arme might purchafe his owne time,
 And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
 Take my deferts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
 And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
 Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
 Vpon his good returnes.
 If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
 Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,

1678

Timon of Athens

137

For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should proue so base,
To sue and be denyde such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish vfurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightier Iudgment.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed prefently.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thofe, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vfurie Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers shoule brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit.

1678

Timon of Athens

139

Enter first Servant.

Is *Melissa* at home?

I Serv. She is, my Lord; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say? Damn'd Villain
To bely her so?

[*Strikes him.*

I Serv. By Heav'n 'tis truth. She faies she will not see you.
Her woman told me first so. And when I would not
Believe her, she came and told me so her self;
That she had no busines with you; desir'd you would
Not trouble her; she had affairs of consequence; &c.

Tim. Now *Timon* thou art falm indeed; fallen from all thy
Hopes of happiness. Earth, open and fwallow the
Most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

I Serv. My Lord, *Melissa's!* passing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Melissa!*

Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not see your *Timon*?
And did not you send me word so?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busfy, and am so now; I must obey my
Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not, *Melissa*, faid; If *Timon* were reduc'd
To rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Univerfe,
She would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd.

[*Ex. Mel.*

Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O stragling Senfes whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!

142

Timon of Athens

1623

I've been ungrateful to her, why shoud I
Blame Villains who are so to me?

Evan. Oh *Timon!* I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more;
Nor ever would had'it thou contin'd prosperous.
Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man!

Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee present, and when absent
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind,
And shall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support?

Evan. I am no base Athenian Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens*! Forest of two legg'd Beasts;
Plague, civil War, and famine, be thy lot:
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations;
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A passage through his mothers cursed Womb;
And kill the hag, or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav'ous Bitches
Devour their own base Whelps.

Evan, Timon! compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has
To its eternal Infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'rewhelms me:

Enter diuers Friends at feuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, fir.

2 I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts trying when wee encountred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it feeme in the triall of his feuerall Friends.

2 It should not be, by the perswafion of his new Feasting.

1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest inuiting, which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath coniur'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat businesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am forrie, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouifion was out.

It ocovers me all o're with shame and blufhes.
 Thou haft oblig'd a wretch too much already,
 And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
 I have rage and madnes, and I shall infect thee.
 Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
 Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this fight will break my heart;
 Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
 Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
 Let us retire together and life free
 From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind;
 I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My fenis are not found, I never can
 Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou haft not.
 Comfort thy self, if thou haft been unkind,
 Forgive thy self and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
 Nor will I be oblig'd to one,
 I have treated so injuriously as her ———

[*Aside.*]

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose
 Your self. All that I have was and is yours; I wish
 It ne'er had been, that yet I might have shewn
 By stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation,
 Thou art too good that thou shouldest e're partake
 Of my misfortunes ———

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em.

[*Aside.*]

Prithee *Evandra* go to thy own House,
 I am once more to give my flatt'ring Rogues
 An entertainment but such a one as shall befit 'em;
 And then I'll fee thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever blefs my Dear.

[*Ex. Timon and Evandra.*]

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Ifander, Ifidore, Thrafillus, Ælius.

Phæ. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all things go.
 2 Euer man heares so: what would hee haue borrowed of you?
 1 A thousand Peeces.
 2 A thousand Peeces?
 1 What of you?
 2 He sent to me fir —— Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
 1 Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
 2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Musicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th' Trumpets found: we shall too't presently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O fir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere? *The Banquet brought in*
 2 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so vnfourtunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, fir.
 2 If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
 Come bring it all together.

2 All couer'd Dishes.
 1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
 3 Doubt not that, if money and the seafon can yield it
 1 How do you? What's the newes?
 3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: heare you of it?
Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd?
 3 'Tis so, be sure of it.
 1 How? How?
 2 I pray you vpon what?

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward assur'd
Me his condition was near as good as ever.

Isand. That I doubt —— but 'tis well at prefent
By his new feafting.

Ælius. I am forry I was not furnish'd when he fent to me.

Ifid. I am fick of that grief, now I fee how all things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. Oh! my kind friends! how is't with you all?
How I rejoice to fee you! Come, ferve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never fo well as when your
Lordship is fo.

Ælius. I am fick with shame that I
Should be fo unfortunate a Beggar when you fent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal: I have
No need of any fums; my Eftate is in good health ſtill.

Phæax. Tryal my good Lord? Would any one refuse
Your Lordſhip were it in his power? Command half
My eftate! I am forry I was fo in haift, I could
Not fay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now.
Pray uſe me—I hope he will not take me at my word.

Isan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could
Not ferve you. Now my Lord command me —— I am able.

[aside]

Tim. I befeech you do not think on't: I know ye love me,
All of ye.

Phæax. Equal with our ſelves, my dear Lord.

Thra. If you had fent but two hours before to me? ——

Cleon. Now I have money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'n's fake; think you I diſtrift
My kind good friends! you are the beſt of friends.
My fortune ne're ſhall drive me from you, and ſhould
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.

Phæax. I ſhall think my ſelf happy enough if you would
But command my utmoſt Drachma.

Ælius. That we honour indeed; to ferve Lord *Timon*,

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2 This is the old man still.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the firt place. Sit, sit. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankefullnesse. For your owne guists, make your selues prais'd: But reserue stll to give, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make futeable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vancouver Dogges, and lap.

Some speake. What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast neuer behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & luekwarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laft,
Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Most smilling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Jackes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Cruft you quite o're. What do'ft thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyficke first; thou too, and thou:

I would with life and fortune.

Ifan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Ifid. Not a man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship
May not call your own.

Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy friends. Who has such
Kind, such hearty friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Dishes.

Ifan. Royal clear I warrant you.

Phæax. Doubt not of that; if money or the seafon
Can afford it.

Ifid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's fit! make it
Not a City feast, to let the meat cool e're we agree
Upon our places.

The GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own gifts, base
ungrateful man will not do it of himself; reserve still to give, lest your
Deities be despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of men, men
would for sake ye: make the meat belov'd more than the man that gives it.
Let no Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be
twelve women, let a dozen of 'em be—as they are. Confound I beseech you,
all the Senators of *Athens*, together with the common people. What is amiss
make fit for destruction; for these my present friends, as they are to me noth-
ing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and
Snakes: *A feast fit for such venomous Knaves.*

Phæax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold.

You knot of mouth friends, vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Moft smiling, smooth detefted Parafites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
 What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
 Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
 Burne house, finke Athens, henceforth hated be
 Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

- 1 How now, my Lords?
- 2 Know you rhe quality of Lord *Timons* fury?
- 3 Push, did you see my Cap?
- 4 I haue lost my Gowne.
- 1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors fwaies him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
- Did you see my Iewell?
- 2 Did you see my Cap.
- 3 Heere 'tis.
- 4 Heere lyes my Gowne.
- 1 Let's make no stay.
- 2 Lord *Timons* mad.
- 3 I feel't vpon my bones .
- 4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones. *Exeunt the Senators.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
 That girdles in thofe Wolues, diue in the earth,
 And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
 Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles
 Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
 Conuert o'th'infant greene Virginity,
 Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
 Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
 And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
 Large-handed Robbers your graue Mafters are,
 And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Mafters bed,

Cap and knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie
 Crust you quite o're; what, dost thou steal away?
 Soft, take thy Phyfick firt, and thou, and thou; stay I will
 Lend thee mony —— borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I. He'l murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madnes; fly, fly.

[They run off.

Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,*

Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn House, fink Athens, henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man and all humanitie.

[Ex. Timon.

ACT IV.

Timon Solus.

Tim. **L**ET me look back upon thee! Oh thou wall
 That girdleſt in thoſe Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
 And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
 Of Savage Beaſts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
 Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their ſtead. To general filths
 Convert o'th' iſtant green Virginity;
 Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold fast,
 Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
 And cut your Truſters Throats. Bound Servants ſteal;
 Large handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,

Thy Miftris is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,
 Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
 With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
 Domestick awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
 Instrukcion, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
 Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
 Decline to your confounding contraries.

And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
 On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
 Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
 That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may strieue,
 And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
 Sowe all th'Athenian bolomes, and their crop
 Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be meereley poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
 But nakedneffe, thou detestable Towne,
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
 Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder than Mankinde.
 The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
 Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
 And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate grow
 To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
 Amen.

Exit.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

I Heare you M.Steward, where's our Master?
 Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poore as you.

And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,
Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, night reft, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
Degrees, Observations, Customs and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confusion live. Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious feavours heap
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive
And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenians bosoms, and their Crop
Be general Leprosie. Breath infect breath;
That their Society as their friendship, may
Be meerly poison. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden
Ruine swallow thee.

[Ex. Tim.

1 Such a House broke?
 So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
 One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
 And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
 From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
 So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
 Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
 Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
 A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
 With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,
 Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
 3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuery,
 That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
 Seruing alike in forrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
 And we poore Mates, stand on the dyeing Decke,
 Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
 Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,
 The lateft of my wealth Ile share among'ft you.
 Where euer we shall meeete, for *Timons* sake,
 Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
 As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
 We haue feene better dayes. Let each take fome:
 Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
 Thus part we rich in forrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part feuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchedneffe that Glory brings vs!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
 But in a Dreame of Friendship,
 To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
 But onely painted like his varnift Friends:
 Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,

1678

Timon of Athens

155

Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnfuall blood,
 When mans worst finne is, He do's too much Good.
 Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
 For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
 My deereſt Lord, bleſt to be moſt accurſt,
 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
 Of monſtrous Friends:
 Nor ha's he with him to ſupply his life,
 Or that which can command it:
 Ile follow and enquire him out.
 Ile euer ferue his minde, with my beſt will,
 Whilſt I haue Gold, Ile be his ſteward ſtill.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy Sisters Orbe
 Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, reſidence, and birth,
 Scarfe is diuidant: touch them with feueraſſ fortunes,
 The greater ſcornes the leſſer. Not Nature
 (To whom all fores lay fiege) can beare great Fortune
 But by contempt of Nature.
 Raife me this Begger, and denyt that Lord,
 The Senators ſhall beare contempt Hereditary,
 The Begger Natuue Honor.
 It is the Paſtour Lards, the Brothers fides,
 The want that makes him leauue: who dares? who dares
 In puritie of Manhood ſtand vpright
 And ſay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
 So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
 Is ſmooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
 Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
 There 'ſnothing leuell in our curſed Natures
 But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorrd,

1678

Timon of Athens

157

All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
 Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
 Who seekes for better of thee, fawce his pallate
 With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
 Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
 Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
 Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
 Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
 Plucke Itout mens pillowes from below their heads.
 This yellow Slaue,
 Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'acurſt,
 Make the hoare Leproſie ador'd, place Theeues,
 And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
 With Senators on the Bench: This is it
 That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
 Shee, whom the Spittle-houſe, and vlcerous fores,
 Would caſt the gorge at. This embalmes and Spices
 To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
 Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
 Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right Nature.

March afarre off.

Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
 But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (ſtrong Theefe)
 When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:
 Nay ſtay thou out for earneſt.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeake.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
 For ſhewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man fo hatefull to thee,
 That art thy ſelfe a Man?

Scene the Senate House, all the Senate sitting ——
Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?

Alcib. You fee my reverend Lords what confidence
I place in you, that durst expose my perfon
Before my sentence be recall'd: I am not now

Tim. I am *Mifantropos*, and hate Mankinde.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
 That I might loue thee someting.

Alc. I know thee well:
 But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
 I do not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
 With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
 Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
 Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
 Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
 For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiffe thee, then the rot returnes
 To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
 But then renew I could not like the Moone,
 There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
 If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou
 do'ft performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some fort of thy Miferies.

Tim. Thou saw'ft them when I had prospertie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a bleffed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timon. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
 Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vfe thee, giue them diseafes,
 leauing with thee their Lust. Make vfe of thy salt houres, seafon the flaues
 for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfaft, and
 the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monfter.

Petitioner for my self; I leave my case
 To your good and generous natures, when you shall
 Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.
 I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
 For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
 And none but Tyrants use it cruelly:
 'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
 As brave a man as e're drew Sword for *Athens*.
 'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,
 Has stopt into the Law above his depth.

Nic. True, he has kill'd a man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuse
 All mercy. He is a man (setting his Fate aside) of comely
 Vertues, nor did he foil the fact with Cowardise;
 But with a noble fury did revenge
 His injur'd reputation.

Phœax. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nic. As if you'd bring man-slaughter into form,
 And valour did confest in quarrelling.

Aelius. That is a base and illegitimate valour:
 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

Ifan. All single Combates are detestable,
 And courage that's not warranted by law,
 Is much too dangerous a vice to go unpunished.

Ifid. If injuries be evil, death is most ill,
 And then what folly is it for the less ill
 To hazard life the chiefeft good?

Cleon. There's no such courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such valour in bearing, what
 Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant
 That stay at home. And the Afs a better Captain
 Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that is
 Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make grofs sins look clean
 With eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond men expose themselves to Battle,
 And not endure all threats, and sleep upon e'm,

Alc. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How cursed Athens, mindeleffe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prynthee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How doest thou pitty him whom yu doft troble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr'it thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou haft Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: let not thy fword skip one:
Pitty not honuor'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vfurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for thoſe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But fet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled ſmiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle

And let the foes quietly cut their throats?
Come my Lords —— be pitiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,
But in defense of Honour.

Phæ. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no anger judge him;
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault —— had they but courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His service at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
Are bribes sufficient for his Life.

Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay, and if he had not done it, he should
Be punisht.

Alcib. How my Lords! is that all the return
For Soul'diers toils, faiting and watching;
The many cruel hardships which they suffer;
The multitude of hazards, blood, and los's
Of Limbs?

Ifan. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Ifid. H' has given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter, he has a fin
That often drowns him; in that beastly fury
He has committed outrages.

Phæ. Such as we shall not name, since others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In short,
His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;
And he must die.

Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
 And mince it fans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,
 Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
 Whose proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
 Nor fight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
 Make large confusio[n]: and thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giuest me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Heauens curse vpon thee.
Both. Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, haft yu more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forsware her Trade,
 And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
 Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
 Although I know you'l fweare, terribly fweare
 Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues
 Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
 Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
 And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,
 Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats: yet may your paines six months
 Be quite contrary. And Thatch
 Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd) no matter:
 Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
 Paint till a horfe may myre vpon your face:
 A pox of wrinkle

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?
 Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Confumptions fowe
 In hollow ones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
 And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
 That he may neuer more falfe Title pleade,
 Nor found his Quilletts shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
 That scold'ft against the quality of flesh,

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,
And done you service: if not for his deserts;
Consider all my actions Lords, and join 'em
With his —— your reverend Ages love security,
And therefore shou'd cherish thosē that give it you.

Phœ. You are too bold —— he dies. No more ——

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What faies he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Ifan. Consider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.
Must I sue for such common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!

Nic. Y'are insolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and destructive Vices; whoredoms,
Prophaneneis, giddy headed paffions.

Phœ. Your breaking Mercury's Statues, and mocking
The mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to see
Your private malice vented in a place
Where honest men would only think
On publick Interest. 'Tis base, and in another place
You would not speak thus.

Nic. How fay you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of Mercury had only been
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the rites of
Proserpine: These things are mockery to men
Of fence. What folly 'tis to worfhip Statues when
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phœ. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the baseſt of mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head
That utters this against me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainſt the common people. And you all
Are Rebels against them.

Nic. Ceafe your Insolence! we fided not with *Spartans*.

And not beleeuues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
 Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee
 Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians bald
 And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
 Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
 That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
 The fourie of all Erection. There's more Gold.
 Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
 And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counfiell with more Money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe firft, I haue giuen your earneft.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thriue
 well, Ile vifit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer fee thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'ft well of me.

Alc. Call'ft thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
 And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike.

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being fickle of mans vnkindnesse
 Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
 Whose wombe vnmeafureable, and infinite breft
 Teemes and feeds all: whose selffame Mettle
 Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
 Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
 The gilded Newt, and eyeleffe venom'd Worme,
 With all th'abhorred Births below Crifpe Heauen,
 Whereon *Hyperions* quickening fire doth shine:
 Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
 From foorth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
 Enfeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
 Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
 Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
 Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
 Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboue

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' Athenian
Rabble but that?

Phæ. It was well done to get your friend King *Agis*
His Wife with Child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his breed for him.
But what is that to'th' matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me Lords, and I must tell you,
It is by me you fit in safety here.

Phæ. By you, bold man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
And I must tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tissaphernes* from
The Spartans aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one heap of Rubbish, I stopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
This *Tissaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The Government into the best mens hands;
Would you were so; I sent *Pisander* then
To form this Aristocracy, and promis'd
The Persian Generals Forces to affist you;
And when you had this pow'r, you cast me off
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be silenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleasure Lords.
Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuse me General?
And would have march't to your destruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your Foes
Would soon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Hellefpon* and all the other Isles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept some back by force,
And by fair words others in which *Thrasibulus*,

Neuer prefented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry vp thy Morrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Mortels Vnctions, greafes his pure minde,
That from all Consideration flippes ——

This man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
 Having the loudest voice of all the Athenians
 Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
 And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords, and now
Athens a second time was fav'd by me.

Phœ. 'Tis a shame that we shou'd suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.
 Another time I kept five hundred Sail
 Of the Phenicians from the aid
 Of the Lacedemonians, won from 'em a Sea Battle,
 Before the City of *Abidus*;
 In spite of *Pharnabazus* mighty Power.
 Think on my Victory all *Cizicum*, where I
 Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City;
 I brought then the Bythinians to your yoke,
 Won *Silbræa* on the *Hellespont*;
 And then *Byzantium*: thus not only I
 Diverted the Torrent of the Armies fury
 From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
 And all the while you falsely told your money,
 And let it out upon extorted Interest;
 Must I be after all poorly deny'd
 His life who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Phœ. He dies, and you deserve it, but our sentence
 Is for your infolence, we banish you;
 If you be two hours more within these walls,
 Your head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

All Sen. All, All!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad to know you all!
 Banish me! Banish your dotage! your extortion!
 Banish your foul corruptions and self ends!
 Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
 One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
 The worst of Kings would be ashamed of this:
 I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
 Is this the Balfome the ill natur'd Senate
 Pours into Captains wounds? ha! banishment?

1623

Timon of Athens

170

A good man would not stay with you, I embrace
My Sentence: 'Tis a cause that's worthy of me.

Nic. Was ever —— heard such daring infolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?

[*Ex. Alcib.*

All Sen. Ay, Ay.

Timon in the Woods digging.

Tim. O bleffed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marishes, and from
Corrupted standing Lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence,
And let the poisonous exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all flatterers,
And so is all mankind.

For every degree of fortune's smooth'd
And footh'd by that below it; the learn'd pate
Ducks to the golden Fool; There's nothing level
In our conditions, but base Villany;
Therefore be abhor'd each man and all Society;
Earth yields me roots; thou common whore of mankind,
That put'ft fuch odds amongft the rout of Nations;
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering precious gold! enough
To purchase my eftate again: Let me fee further;
What a vaft mafs of Treasure's here! There ly,
I will uſe none, 'twill bring me flatterers.
I'll ſend a pattern on't to the Athenians,
And let 'em know what a vaft Mafs I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I fee a Paffenger
Not far off, I'll ſend it by him to the Senate.

[*Ex. Timon.*

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long ſhall I feek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will loſe my life.
Oh base and shameful Villany of man,

172

Timon of Athens

1623

Amongit so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his afflictions !
Ha ! here is a Spade ! sure this belongs to some one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there ? what beast art thou that com'ſt
To trouble me ?

Earn. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
The poor distressed *Timon*, did you fee him ?

Tim. If thou beſt born of wicked humane race,
Why com'ſt thou hither to disturb his mind ?
He has forſworn all Company !

Evan. Is this my Lord ! oh dreadful transformation !
My deareſt Lord, do you not know me ?

Tim. Thou walk'ſt upon two legs, and haſt a face
Erect towards Heav'n ; and all ſuch Animals
I have abjur'd ; they are not honeſt,
Thoſe Creatures that are ſo, walk on all four,
Prithee be gone.

Evan. He's much diſtracted ſure ? Have you forgotten
Your poor *Evandra* ?

Tim. No ! I remember there was ſuch a one,
Whom I us'd ill ! why doſt thou follow miſery ?
And add to it ? prithee be gone.

Evan. These cruel words will break my heart, I come
Not to increaſe thy miſery but mend it.
Ah, my dear *Timon*, why this Slave-like habit ?
And why this Spade ?

Tim. 'Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my eſtate
To money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the remainder
Thou ſoon ſhalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em ; no, I ſhall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy ſelf and quit this Savage life ;

174

Timon of Athens

1623

We have enough in spite of all the baseness
 Of th' *Athenians*, let not those Slaves
 Triumph o're thy afflictions; wee'l live free.

Tim. If thou dissuad'st me from this life, Thou hat'st me;
 For all the Principalities on earth,
 I would not change this Spade! prithee be gone,
 Thou temp'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel.

Nothing but death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my life: what would'st thou
 Do with me?

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place,
 A temper or condition I would leave
 My *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me?

Evan. Oh too unkind!
 I offer'd thee all my prosperity ——
 And thou most niggardly deniest me part
 Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra!* is not the bleak Air
 Too boist'rous a Chamberlain for thee?
 Or dost thou think these reverend trees that have
 Outliv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
 And skip where thou appoint'st 'em? Will the Brook
 Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my temper
 Is much unfound, my brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a comfort to me when I thought
 That thou wer't prosperous; Thou art too good
 To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
 To mortifie thy self with roots and water,
 'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all humane conversation.

Evan. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to fee
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my knees I beg it.
If thou refuseth me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rife my *Evandra*!
I now pronounce to all the world, there is
One woman honest; if they ask me more
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll shew thee wealth enough I found with digging,
To purchase all my land again, which I
Will hide from all mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said *Evandra*! look, here is enough
To make black white, foul fair, wrong right;
Base noble, old young, Cowards valiant.
Ye Gods here is enough to lug your Priests
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the Hoard'd Leprofie ador'd, place Thieves
And give 'em title, knee and approbation;
This makes the toothleſs, warp'd and wither'd Widows
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
Such as the Spittle-Houſe and ulcerous Creatures
Would caſt the gorge at: this can defile
The pureſt Bed, and make divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it, there 'twill
Sleep, and do no hired mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all,
And of ſuch vile corrupting mettle, as
Man, her proud arrogant —— Child is made of, does
Engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the guilded Newt
And eye-leſs venom'd worm, with all
The loathſome Births the quickening Sun does fhine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doft affect my Manners, and doft vfe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou doft not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Confumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'l obſerue
Blow off thy Cap: praife his moft vicious ſtraine,
And call it excellent: thou waſt told thus:
Thou gauſt thine eares (like Tapſters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approaches: 'Tis moft iuft
That thou turne Raſcall, had'ſt thou wealth againe,
Raſcals ſhould haue't. Do not affume my likeneſſe.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelfe.

From out thy plenteous bosom some poor roots;
 Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else;
 Dry up thy marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and pasture,
 Whereof ungrateful man with liquorish draughts
 And unctuous morsels greeves his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips.

But hold a while —— I am faint and weary.
 My tender hands not use'd to toil, are gaul'd.

Evan. Repose your self my dearest love thus —— your head
 Upon my lap, and when thou haft refresh't
 Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more man! retire into my Cave.

[*Ex. Evan.*

Apem. I was directed hither, men report
 That thou affect'it my manners, and doft use 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then becaufe I would not keep a Dog
 Should imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected,
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
 This slave-like Habit, and theſe looks of care?
 Thy fordid flatt'lers yet wear ſilk, lye ſoft,
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgotten
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
 Be thou a flatt'ler now and ſeek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
 And let each Great mans breath blow off thy Cap.
 Praife his moft monſtrous deformities,
 And call his fouleſt Vices excellent.
 Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Doſt thou love to hear thy ſelf prate?

Apem. No; but thou ſhould'ſt hear me ſpeak.

Tim. I hate thy ſpeech and ſpit at thee.

Apem. Do not affume my likeneſs to diſgrace it.

Ape. Thou haft cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
 A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
 That the bleake ayre, thy boyfterous Chamberlaine
 Will put thy shirt on warme? Will theſe moyſt Trees,
 That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
 And ſkip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
 Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taſte
 To cure thy o're-nights furfet? Call the Creatures,
 Whofe naked Natures liue in all the ſpight
 Of wrekefull Heauen, whofe bare vnhouſed Trunkes|
 To the conſlicting Elements expos'd
 Anſwer meere Nature; bid them flatter thee.
 O thou ſhalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart,

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worfe.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatterſt miſery.

Ape. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeeke me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
 Doſt please thy ſelfe in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou diſt put this fowre could habit on
 To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 Doſt it enforceland: Thou'dſt Courtier be againe
 Wert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
 Out-liues: incertayne pompe, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling ſtill, neuer compleat:
 The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleffe,
 Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
 Worfe then the worſt, Content.

Thou ſhouldſt deſire to dye, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
 Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy
As the Original shou'd be us'd.

Apem. How should it be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-man, now a Fool;
Art thou proud still? call any of those Creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of angry Heav'n, whose bare un-housed trunks
To the conflictng Elements expos'd,
Answ're meer Nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find ——

Tim. An Afs of thee ——

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did ——

Tim. I hate thee worfe ——

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatterest mifery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch ——

Tim. Why doft thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains office or a Fools.

Apem. If thou doft put on this four life and habit
To caftigate thy Pride, 'twere well, but thou
Doft it inforc'dly, wert thou not a Beggar,
Thou'd'ft be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave thou ly'ft, 'tis next thee the laft thing
Which I would be on earth.

Apem. How much does willing poverty excel
Uncertain pomp! for this is filling ftill,
Never compleat, that always at high wifh;
But thou haft a contentleſs wretched being,
Thou shou'd'ft defire to die being miserable.

Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'ft. Thou would'ft not fnarl fo if thou wert.
But 'tis a burthen that is light to thee,
For thou haft been alwaies us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms

With fauor neuer clasp't: but bred a Dogge.
 Had'it thou like vs from our firt swath proceeded,
 The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
 To such as may the passiue drugges of it
 Freely command'it: thou would'it haue plung'd thy self
 In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
 In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
 The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
 The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
 Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
 The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
 At duty more then I could frame employmēt;
 That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues
 Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush
 Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
 For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
 That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
 Thy Nature, did commence in suffrance, Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shoul'd'it yu hate Men?
 They neuer flatter'd thee. What haft thou giuen?
 If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
 Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
 To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
 Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
 If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
 Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
 I'ld giue thee leauē to hang it. Get thee gone:
 That the whole life of Athens were in this,
 Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

With favour never claspt, but bred a Dog;
 Hadst thou like me from thy first swath proceeded
 To all the sweet, degrees, that this brief world
 Afforded be; thou wou'dst have plung'd thy self
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different Beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The Icy precepts of Morality,
 But had'st pursu'd the alluring game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'ft —— I would have liv'd just as I do.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self! thou well
 Can'st bear what thou haft been bred to;
 But for me, who had the world as my Confectionary,
 The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the hearts of all men,
 At duty more than I cou'd frame Implyments for,
 That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
 Upon the Oak, they'ave with one Winters brush
 Fals from their boughs and left me open, bare
 To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
 Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt Curse,
 Curse then thy Father who in spite put stuff
 To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
 A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Ais!

The middle of humanity thou ne're
 Did't know, but the extremity of both ends;
 When thou wert in thy gilt and thy perfumes,
 Men mockt thee for thy too much curiosit;

Thou in thy rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone thou tedious prating Fool.
 That the whole life of *Athens* were in this
 One root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'ft thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vfe for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For heere it steepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyeest a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'ft thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'ft thou fend it?

Tim. To fawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest, but the extremitie of both ends. When thou waft in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'ft none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feel not.

Ape. Do'ft hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, yu should'ft haue loued thy selfe better now. What man did'ft thou euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'ft of, didst thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had'ft some meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou neerefst compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neerefst, but men: men are the things themselues. What would'ft thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ft thou haue thy selfe fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
Thou shouldest not even then be welcome to me;
I had rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse: no misery
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.
I swwoun to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy scull.

Apem. Farewel Beast.

Tim. Be gone Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found a Mass
Of Treasure; they'll find thee out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my sight.
Choler will kill me if I see mankind!
Come forth *Evandra*? Thou art kind and good.

Enter *Evandra*.

Canft thou eat roots and drink at that fresh spring?
Our feafting's come to this.

Evand. Whate're I eat
Or drink with thee is feaft enough to me;
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I shou'd be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring Brook.
And then repose a while.

[*Ex. Apem.*

[*Exeunt.*

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse: If thou wert the Asse, thy dulneffe would torment thee; and stll thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineffe would afflict thee, & oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'ft be kill'd by the Horfe: wert thou a Horfe, thou would'ft be feaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the spottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What a Beast could'ft thou bee, that were not subiect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that seeft not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'ft please me
With speaking to me, thou might'ft
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'ft.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou iffue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliuie, I swooned to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'ft burft.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am forry I shall lose a stome by thee.

Ape. Beastr.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere neceffities vpon't:

Then *Timon* prefently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stome dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
of *Himens* pureft bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whose blushe doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap,
Thou vifible God,
That fouldreft close Impossibilities,
And mak'ft them kiffe; that speak'ft with euerie Tongue
To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy flauue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beastrs
May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere so,

1678

Timon of Athens

189

But not till I am dead. Ile fay th'haft Gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too ?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

Tim. Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where shoulde he haue this Gold? It is some poore Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a maffe of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't, he will supply vs easilie: if he couteoufly referue it, how shal's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why shoulde you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Maist, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?

1678

Timon of Athens

191

1 We cannot liue on Graffe, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con,
That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not
In holier shapes: For there is boundleffe Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, fucke the subtle blood o'th Grape,
Till the high Feauor feeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Phyfitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he flayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.
Like Workmen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your felues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meeete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loose it: steale leffe, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howfoere: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by perfwading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises vs not to haue vs
thriue in our myftery.

2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time fo miserable, but a man
may be true.

Exit Theeues.

1678

Timon of Athens

193

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods !
 Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord ?
 Full of decay and fayling ? Oh Monument
 And wonder of good deeds, euilly beftow'd !
 What an alteration of Honor has desp'rare want made ?
 What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
 Who can bring Nobleft mindes, to bafeft ends.
 How rarely does it meete with this times guife,
 When man was wiſht to loue his Enemies :
 Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
 Thoſe that would mischeefe me, then thoſe that doo.
 Has caught me in his eye, I will prefent my honeſt grieſe vnto him ; and
 as my Lord, ſtill ferue him with my life.
 My deereſt Maſter.

Tim. Away : what art thou ?
Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir ?
Tim. Why doſt aske that ? I haue forgot all men.
 Then, if thou grunt'ſt, th'art a man.
 I haue forgot thee.
Stew. An honeſt poore feruant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not :
 I neuer had honeſt man about me, I all
 I kept were Knaues, to ferue in meate to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are witneſſe,
 Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greeſe
 For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doſt thou weepe ?
 Come neerer, then I loue thee
 Because thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
 Flinty mankinde : whoſe eyes do neuer giue,
 But thorow Luſt and Laughter : pittie's ſleeping :
 Strange times yt weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
 T'accept my greeſe, and whil'ſt this poore wealth laſts,
 To entertaine me as your Steward ſtill,

1678

Timon of Athens

195

Tim. Had I a Steward
 So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
 It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
 Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
 Was borne of woman.
 Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
 You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
 One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
 No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
 How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
 And thou redeem'it thy selfe. But all faue thee,
 I fell with Curses.
 Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:
 For, by oppressing and betraying mee,
 Thou might'ft haue soone got another Seruice:
 For many so arriue at second Masters,
 Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
 (For I must euer doubt, though ne're so fure)
 Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
 If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
 Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
 Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
 You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
 Suspect still comes, where an estate is leaft.
 That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is merely Loue,
 Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
 Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleue it,
 My most Honour'd Lord,
 For any benefit that points to mee,
 Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
 Heere take: the Gods out of my miferie
 Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
 But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:

1678

Timon of Athens

197

Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
 But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
 Ere thou releeve the Begger. Giue to dogges
 What thou denyeft to men. Let Prifons fwallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blafted **woods**
 And may Difeafes licke vp their falfe bloods,
 And fo farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'ft Curses
 Stay not: flye, whil'ft thou art bleft and free:
 Ne're fee thou man, and let me ne're fee thee.

Exit

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre **where he abides.**

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
 Does the Rumor hold for true,
 That hee's fo full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
 Had Gold of him. He likewife enrich'd
 Poore straggling Souldiers, with great quantity.
 'Tis faide, he gaue vnto his Steward
 A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
 Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:
 You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
 And flourish with the higheft:
 Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
 To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:
 It will shew honestly in vs,
 And is very likely, to loade our purposes
 With what they trauaile for,
 If it be a iuft and true report, that goes
 Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now
 To prefent vnto him?

Enter Poet, Painter and Mufician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.

Muf. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H' found an infinite store of Gold,
He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distrefs,
We tender all our services to him ——

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Muf. If we shou'd not ——

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. Wee'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the description.

Muf. Let's hide our felvess and see how he will take it. [A Symphony.

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I
Have Gold; but that their disappointment would be greater,
In taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back ——

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon* ——

Muf. Our most noble Master ——

Paint. My most excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest men?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must ferue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beft.
Promifing, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vfe.
To Promise, is moft Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teftament
Which argues a great fickneſſe in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cane.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo badde
As is thy ſelfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I haue prouided for him:
It muſt be a perfonating of himſelfe:
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſſe of Proſperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Muſt thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do ſo, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's ſeeke him.
Then do we finne againſt our owne eftate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day ferues before black-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Poet. Having so often tafted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your friends falfn off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you fervice.

Muf. We are not of so base a mold; we should
Defert our noble Patron!

Tim. Most honest men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water?

Poet. What're we can, we will to do you fervice.

Tim. Good men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have gold enough! speak truth, y're honest.

Poet. So it is faid: but therefore came not we.

Muf. Not we my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are good men, but have one monftrous fault.

Poet. I befeech your honor, what is it?

Tim. Each of you truft a damn'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why one another, and each truft himfelf.

Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! begone! make hafte!

Or I will uſe you fo like Knaves.

Poet. Fly, fly, —

Tim. How fick am I of this falſe World? I'll now
Prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outragious Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My deareft *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together muſt determine.

Tim. There is no reſt without it; prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is wealth enough.

Evan. I have no wealth but thee, let us lie down to reſt;
I am very faint and heavy —

[*He ftones 'em.*

[*All run out.*

Enter Meliffa and Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot ftay there.
It is moft certain he has found a Maſs of money,
And he has ſent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
 What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
 In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
 'Tis thou that rigg'ft the Barke, and plow'ft the Fome,
 Setlest admired reuerence in a Slaue,
 To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
 Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
 Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
 To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:

Hauing often of your open Bounty tafted,
 Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
 Whose thankleffe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
 Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough
 What, to you,
 Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence
 To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
 The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
 With any fize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
 Naked men may see't the better:
 You that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my selfe
 Haue trauil'd in the great showre of your guifts,
 And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come
 To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Moft honest men:
 Why how shall I requite you?
 Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,
 Wee'l do to do you seruice.

Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my love I'll charm
Him back to *Athens*, 'twas my deserting him has
Made him thus Melancholy.

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To interest and to my self. There Lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What wretch art thou come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa!* prithee listen not
To her destructive *Syrens* voice.

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*?
To whom thou mad'ft such vows!

Tim. O yes, I know that piece of vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant foolish thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She sware eternal love to me, soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*,
That was a tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou did'ft love me, if thou hadst
Thou wouldest have born it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World —— but thou art false I see,
And any little change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that Crocodiles tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no truth among Mankind? had I
So much ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen fortune, and ne're seen thee more:

Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Come not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'ſt a counterfet
Beſt in all Athens, th'art indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfet'ſt moſt liuely.

Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne ſo ſir as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwels with ſtuffe ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honeit Natur'd friends)
I muſt needs ſay you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take muſt paines to mend.

Both. Befeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankeſfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but truſts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiuſes you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him diſſemble,
Know his groſſe patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your boſome, yet remaine affur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine.

Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me theſe Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drowne them in a draught,

Ah *Timon!* could'ft thou have been kind, I could
 Rather have beg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
 With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;
 But thou art lost and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade anothers right?
 He's mine, for ever mine: These arms
 Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has marriage made him so?
 No, —— Thou art his Concubine, dishonest thing;
 I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, screech Owl: There is much more honesty
 In this one woman than in all thy Sex
 Blended together; our hearts are one;
 And she is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen
 Of all the Univerfe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
 Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falfe! proud! affected! vain fantaftick thing;
 Be gone, I would not see thee, unlefs I were
 A Basilisk: thou boast'ft that thou art honest of thy Body,
 As if the Body made one honest: Thou haft a vile
 Corrupted filthy mind ——

Mel. I am no Whore as she is.

Tim. Thou ly'ft, she's none: But thou art one in thy Soul:
 Be gone, or thou'l provoke me to do a thing unmanly,
 And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel Beast. ——

[*Ex. Mel. and Chlo.*

Evan. Let me kifs thy hand my dearest Lord,
 If it were poſſible more dear than ever.

Tim. Let's now go ſeek ſome reſt within my Cave,
 If any we can have without the Grave.

[*Exeunt.*

Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:

Each man a part, all sngle, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'ft not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake *Timon*:
For he is fet so onely to himſelfe,
That nothing but himſelfe, which lookeſ like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. Sen. Bring vs to his Cauſe.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.

2. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the fame: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chac'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Cauſe:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their moſt reuerened Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cae.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blifter, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Confuming it with speaking.

1 Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. Of noone but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 O forget

What we are forry for our felues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vfe and wearing.

2 They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall groffe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timon* ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And fend forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and fummes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of tears;

ACT V.

Enter Timon and Evandra.

Tim. NOW after all the follies of this life,
Timon has made his everlasting Mansion;
 Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
 Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him;
 There he shall rest from all the Villainies,
 Betraying smiles, or th' oppressing frowns
 Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet,
 Throw off this dire confounding Melancholy.
 Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'd'st not have
 Another wish but me. There is no state on Earth
 Which I can envy while I've thee within
 These Arms —— take comfort to thee, think not yet
 Of Death —— leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Thinkst thou in Death we shall not think,
 And know, and love, better than we can here?
 Oh yes, *Evandra!* There our Happiness
 Will be without a wish —— I feel my long sickness
 Of health and living now begin to mend,
 And nothing will bring me all things: thou *Evandra*
 Art the thing alone on Earth would make me wish
 To play my part upon the troublesome Stage,
 Where folly, madness, falsehood, and cruelty,
 Are the only actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
 Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my life was true my death shall be,
 If I one minute after thee survive,
 The scorn and infamy of all my Sex
 Light on me, and may I live to be
Melissa's Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra!*
 Thy kindness covers me with shame and grief,

Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile be weepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: so foone we shall drieue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too fauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2 And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the walles of *Athens*.

1 Therefore *Timon*.

Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he facke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the Itaine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it,
In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,
While you haue throats to answere. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'vnruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be feene to morrow. My long sickneffe
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Wer't not for thee I'd wish the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Ifidore, Ifander, Cleon, Thrasillus, and Ælius.

More Plagues yet!

Nici. How does the Worthy *Timon*?
It grieves our hearts to see thy low condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee,
Cast from thee this sad grief, most noble *Timon*,
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their love, and do with one consenting voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em and would fend 'em back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most noble *Timon*: they are forry
They shou'd deny thee thy request; they do
Confess their fault; the publick body
Which feldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us —

Tim. A very scury sample of that Body.

Phæax. Oh my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best
Of all mankind.

Thras. And equal with our selves.

Ifid. Our hearts and foul's were ever fixt upon thee.

Ifan. We would stake our lives for you.

Phæ. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good men, you much surprise me, even to tears;
Lend me a Fools heart and Womens eyes,
And I'll beweep these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your honour will interpret fairly.

Phæ. The Senate has reserv'd some special dignities

1 We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Command me to my louing Countrymen.

1 These words, become your lippes as they passe thorow them.
2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokis, their Aches loffes,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Clofe,
That mine owne vfe invites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stope Affliction, let him take his hafte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlafting Manfion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the falt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-ftone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amiffe, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his force; and like a Savage Bear
Roots up his Countries peace; we humbly beg
Thy just affiance.

Phæ. We all know thou'rt worthy,
And haft oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he fack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' Beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the stain
Of beastly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In pity of the aged and the young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their Swords care not
While you have throats to answser: for my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Moft reverent Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em so!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phæ. Oh my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. Hee'll ne'r return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phæ. You have gold my Lord, will you not serve
Your Country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my advice, they shall be welcome.

Nic. I am sure they will, my noble Lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their griefs;

1 His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches, Losses,
 Their covetous pangs, with other incident throes
 That Natures fragil Vessels must sustain
 In lifes uncertain Voyage.

Phæ. How my good Lord! this kind care is noble.

Tim. Why even thus —

I will point out the most convenient Trees
 In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.
 And so farewell, ye Covetous fawning Slaves be gone!
 Let me not see the face of man more, I
 Had rather see a Tiger fasting —

Nic. He's lost to all our purposes.

Phæ. Let's send a party out of *Athens* to him,
 To force him to confess his Treasure;
 And put him to the torture, if he will not.

Nic. It will do well, let's away.

Ælius. What Drums are those?

Phæ. They must belong to *Alcibiades*!
 To Horse and fly, or we shall chance be taken.

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
 Maist suffer by the rage of lustful Villains.

[Drums.]

[Exeunt.]

Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, two Whores.

Alci. Command a halt, and send a Messenger
 To summon *Athens* from me!
 What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A two leg'd Beast, as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee
 For shewing me the face of man again.

Alci. Is man so hateful to thee! what art thou?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
 And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a Dog,
 That I might love thee something.
 But now I think on't, thou art going
 Against yon Curled Town: go on! it is
 A worthy cause.

Alci. Oh *Timon!* now I know thee, I am sorry

For thy misfortunes ; , and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redrefs 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e're shall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with man's blood the Earth: die it well.
Religious Canons, civil laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me friendship and perform none;
If thou wilst not promise, thou art no man:
If thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy misery.

Tim. Thou faw'ft it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots,
What dost thou fight with women by thy side?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day
With men, I refresh my self at night with Women.

Tim. These false Whores of thine have more destruction
In 'em than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to say so ——

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?
A snarling Rascal.

Tim. Be Whores still, they love you not that use you;
Employ all your falt hours to ruine youth,
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of sence and action.

Phry. Hang thee Monfiter; we are not Whores, we
Are Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscal it,
Ye have been so to many.

Thais. Out on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him;

His wits are lost in his calamities;
I have but little gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst Athens with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye:
But I'll not herd with men; yet I love thee
Better than all men, because thou wert born
To ruine thy base Country.

Alcib. I've sent to summon Athens; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious act; go on, go on!
Here's gold for thee; stay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What mysteries is this! where shou'd he have this?

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins Cheek
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving suck:
Spare not the Babe, whose dimpled smiles,
From Fools exhaust their mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore e're long if thou shouldst spare it.
Put Armour on thy eyes and ears, whose proof,
Nor yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor fight of Priests in Holy Vests bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phryne. Haft thou more gold, good *Timon?* give us some

Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus Melancholy!
He is a fine person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will
Do store of mischief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be sure you be Whores still,
And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,
Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Sculls with burthens from the dead,

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou haft painfully discouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I haue spoke the leaft.
Befides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,

Some that were hang'd, no matter,
 Wear them! betray with them, Whore still;
 Paint till a Horse may mire upon your faces ——
 A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more Gold, say what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the bones of men;
 Dry up their Marrows, pain their shins
 And shoulders: Crack the Lawyers voice, that he
 May never bawl, and plead false title more.
 Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
 That scold against the quality of flesh,
 And not believe themselves; I am not well.
 Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores.
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
 And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More counfel, and more money, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More Whore! more mischief first,
 I've given you earnest

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell,
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne're shall see thee more:
 I feel Death's happy stroak upon me now,
 He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
 He will not let me go again, Farewel.
 Confound *Athens*, and then thy self.

[*Ex. Timon.*

Alcib. Now march, sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
 And let the terrour of the noise invade
 The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurpous Senate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nicias, *Ælius*, Cleon, Thrasillus, Isidore, Isander, *upon the works of Athens.*

Nic. What shall we do to appease his rage?
 He has an Army able to devour us.

Phæ. We must e'en humbly bow our necks, that he
 May tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a man of easie nature, soon won by soothings.

Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
 Yet our old loue made a particular force,
 And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
 From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cauue,
 With Letters of intreaty, which imported
 His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
 In part for his sake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.
 3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expectt,
 The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
 Doth choake the ayre with duft: In, and prepare,
 Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare

Exeunt

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this shoulde be the place.
 Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-strech't his span,
 Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
 Dead fure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
 I cannot read: the Character Ile take with wax,
 Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;
 An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
 Before proud Athens hee's fet downe by this,
 Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

Exit.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lafciuous Towne,
 Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Party.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.
 Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all Licentious measure, making your willes
 The scope of Iustice. Till now, my felfe and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power
 Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd|

Nic. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.

Isid. If we shou'd resist, he'll level *Athens*.

Isan. And then woe to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.

Nic. What will become of you and me *Phœax*?
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phœ. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the
Town to him.

Nic. If we resist, hee'l use a Conquerours Power,
And nothng then will escape the fury of
The Headstrong Souldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike terror in me! Heav'n, help all.

[Enter Herald.]

Enter Alcibiades and his Army.

Alcib. What answser make they to my summons?

Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hoa! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my Souldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine;
And such a flame I'll light about your ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing leis.

Phœ. Only we beg your honour will forgive us.

Nic. W' have been ungrateful, and are much ashamed on't;
Your Lordship shall tread upon our necks if you think good;
We cannot but condemn our selves;
But we appeal to your known mercy and
Your Generosity.

Phœ. March noble Lord into our City
With all the Banners spread; we are thy Slaves.

Ælius. Your footstools.

Isid. What ever you will make us.

Thras. Enter our City, noble *Alcibiades*: but leave
Your rage behind you.

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
 When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathleffe wrong,
 Shall fit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
 And pursie Infolence shall breake his winde
 With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen. Noble, and young;*
 When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
 Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
 We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
 To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
 Aboue their quantitie.

2. *So did we wooe*
 Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
 By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
 We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue
 The common stroke of warre

1. *These walles of ours,*
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
 That these great Towers, Trophees, & Schools shold fall
 For priuate faults in them

2. *Nor are thy liuing*
 Who were the motiues that you firſt went out,
 (Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceſſe)
 Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
 Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
 By decimation and a tythed death;
 If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
 Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
 And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
 Let dye the ſpotted.

1. *All haue not offended:*
 For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
 On thoſe that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
 Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
 Bring in thy rankes, but leauue without thy rage,

Ifan. Set but your Foot against our Gates, and they
Shall open —— so you will enter like a friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations,
For if I set my battering Rams to work,
You must expect no mercy.

Nic. We will my good Lord ——

[*They all come down, Nic. present Alcibiades the Keys upon his Knees*
Our lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy mercy for protection.

Alcib. You merit as much mercy as you show'd
To *Thrasibus*, such monstrous ingratitude
Will make your villainous names grow odious
To all the race of men, but to your selves
To whom vertue is fo.

Phæ. 'Twas the whole Senates voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wreted the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Ostracism:
Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our necks, but pardon us.

Phæ. Wee'l be your Slaves if you'l forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibus* when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent hazards, and our
Toils, hard weary marching! watching! fasting!
Such dreadful hardships, lying out such nights
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purfy-lazy knaves, that snort
In peace at home, and wallow in their bags?
Must we the Bullwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phæ. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of shame and guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thras. We heartily repent.

Ifid. Wee'l kifs thy feet, good Lord.

Ifan. Do with us what thou wilt.

Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thofe Kin
 Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
 With thofe that haue offended, like a ſhepherd,
 Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
 But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,

Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
 Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot

Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
 So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
 To fay thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,

Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
 That thou wilt vfe the warres as thy redreffe,
 And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
 Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
 Haue feal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
 Defend and open your vncarged Ports,
 Thofe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
 Whom you your felues ſhall ſet out for reprooſe,
 Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
 With my more Noble meaning, not a man
 Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
 Of Regular Iuftice in your Cities bounds,
 But ſhall be remedied to your publique Lawes
 At heauieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moft Nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mef. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
 Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th Sea,
 And on his Graueſtone, this Inſculpture which
 With wax I brought away: whose ſoft Impreſſion
 Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me
 In the *Arve*, where I'll order the *relayes*
 To Assemble all the people ——
 And on your Knees present your selves
 With Halters 'bout your necks!

Phæ. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you
 Fail in this point, I'll hang ye all,
 Rifle your Houses, and extirpate all
 Your race —— March on.
 Give order that not a man shall break his ranks,
 Or shall offend the regular course of Justice,
 On penalty of Death —— March on ——

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend
 Like Flowers ore'charg'd with dew, who's yielding stalks
 Cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial which
 Will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*.
 I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
 Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
 I feel him, he comforts me at heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! must we then part?
 That I should live to see this fatal day!
 Had death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my Grave!
 Left Death o'retake me —— he pursues me hard:
 He's close upon me. 'Tis the last office thou
 Can'st do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
 Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
 To me that court thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
 In my last tenement. Death's the truest Friend,
 That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
 Seek not my name: A Plague confume you, wicked Caitifs left:
 Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
 Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
 These well exprefſie in thee thy latter ſpirits:
 Though thou abhorrd'ſt in vs our humane griefes,
 Scornd'ſt our Braines flow, and thofe our droplets, which
 From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
 Taught thee to make vait Neptune weepe for aye
 On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
 Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie
 Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
 And I will vfe the Oliue, with my Sword:
 Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
 Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
 Let our Drummes ſtrike.

*Exeunt.**F I N I S.*

So, now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
 Is almost finiſht! Now my beſt *Evandra*
 I charge thee, by our loves, our mutual loves,
 Live! and live happy after me: and if
 A thought of *Timon* comes into thy mind,
 And brings a tear from thee, let ſome diversion
 Banish it —— quickly, ſtrive to forget me.

Evan. Oh! *Timon!* Thinkſt thou! I am ſuch a Coward,
 I will not keep my word? Death ſhall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
 Refiſn my life in peace, I will be with thee
 After my Death; my foul ſhall follow thee,
 And hover ſtill about thee, and guard thee from
 All harm.

Evan. Life is the greateſt harm when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'ſt thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
 Thee in his fad Calamities?

Evan. It is a bleſſing to ſhare anything
 With thee! oh thou look'ſt pale! thy countenance changes!
 Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my laſt home. I charge thee live, *Evandra*!
 Thou lov'ſt me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
 Thou only! deareſt! kind! conftant thing on earth,
 Farewel.

[*Dies.*]

Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the world were ſo,
 I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall not o're-take
 Him in his flight. *Timon*, I come, ſtay for me,
 Farewel bafe World.

[*Stabs her ſelf. Dies.*]

Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, and Thais, his Officers and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees aſſembling.

Enter Meliffa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
 The Joys of Love and Conqueſt ever bleſſ thee.
 Wonder and terrour of Mankind, and Joy

Of Woman-kind: now thy *Melissa's* happy:
 She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wisht for,
 Her *Alcibades* return with Conquest
 O're this ungrateful City; and but that
 I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
 I had been with thee long e're this.

Alcib. What gay, vain, prating thing is this?

Mel. How my Lord! do you question who *Melissa* is?
 And give her such foul Titles?

Alcib. I know *Melissa*, and therefore give her such
 Titles: for when the Senate banisht me:
 She would not see me, tho' upon her knees
 Before she had sworn eternal love to me;
 I see thy snares too plain to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'r refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witnes! Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely:
 Not see you! sure there's not a fight on earth
 I'd chuse before you: You make me astonish'd!

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon*; and next day
 Despis'd him —— I have been inform'd
 Of all your falsehood, and I hate thee for't;
 I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores!
 Good Antidotes against thy poison —— Love;
 Thy base false love; and tell me, is not one
 Kind, faithful, loving Whore, better than
 A thousand base, ill-natur'd honest Women?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
 This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep,
 Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
 I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
 I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this scorn —— Farewel,
 I'll never see you more.

Alcib. I hope you will not.

[Exit.]

232

Timon of Athens

1623

Enter Souldiers with drawn Swords, halting in Apemantus.

How now! what means this violence?

I Sould. My Lord! this fnarling Villainous Philosopher, With open mouth rail'd at the Army; He faid the General was a Villain: shall we Cut his throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him! Why *Apemantus* didst thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my thoughts: not all The Swords o'th' Army bent against my throat Can fright me from the truth ——

Alcib. Why, doft thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, this bafe Town deserves thy scourge, And all the Terror and the punishment, Thou can't inflict upon it: the deed is good, But yet thou doft it ill; private revenge, Bafe paffion, headstrong luſt, incite thee to it; Had they not banish'd thee, thou wou'dſt have ſuffer'd Wrong ſtill to prosper, and th' iſulfing Tyrants To thrive, fwell and grow fat with their opprefſion, And wouldſt have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'ſt too much for a Philosopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee, All thy good parts thou drown'ſt in vice and riot, In paffion, and vain-glory: how proud art thou Of all thy Conqueſts —— when a poor rabble Of idle Rogues who elfe had been in Jails, Perform'd 'em for thee; How falſe is Souldiers honour With Drums and Trumpets, and in the face of day With daring impudence Men go to murther Mankind —— but in the greateſt actions of their Lives The getting men, they sneak and hide themſelves i'th' dark; I ſcorn your folly and your madneſs.

Alcib. Thou art a fnarling Cur.

I Sould. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

234

Timon of Athens

1623

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ'd his principles, thou'dst been honest.

*Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phæax, Ifodore, Ifander, Ælius, and Cleon, with
Halters about their necks.*

Nicias. We come my noble Lord at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy mercy.

Phæ. Spare our lives, and wee'l employ 'em in
Thy service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge, you are ungrateful Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have used me basely.

All. We have, but we are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thousand such base lives
As yours would not weigh with his! go, ye have
Your liberty. And now the people are assembled,
I will declare my intentions towards them.

[*He ascends the Pulpit.*

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjust sentence past upon me,
In the return of which I have subdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual toil and numberless dangers
Strech't out the bounds of your Dominions far
Above your hopes or expectations.

I will not recount the many enterprisies,
No Grecian can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther shou'd declare my self; I come
First to free you good Citizens of *Athens*
From the most insupportable yoaks
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next

236

Timon of Athens

1623

To claim my own Eftate which has unjustly
 By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
 I do confefs, I in revenge of your decree
 Against me, set up them, but never thought
 They would have been fuch Cursed Tyrants to you,
 Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
 With most licentious acts; making their wills,
 Their base corrupted wills, the scope of Justice,
 While you in vain groan'd under all your suff'rings.
 Thus when a few fhall Lord it o're the reft,
 They govern for themselves and not the People.
 They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increafe
 Their private stores; but when the Government
 Is in the Body of the People, they
 Will do themselves no harm; therefore henceforth
 I do pronounce the Government fhall devolve upon the
 People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

*People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Long live Alcibiades,
 Liberty, Liberty, &c.* [Alcib. Descends.

Enter Meffenger.

Mef. My noble Lord! I went as you commanded,
 And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
 Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
 On which was this Infcription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched Corfe, of wretched Soul bereft,
 Timon my name, a Plague confume you Caitiffs left.*

Poor *Timon*! I once knew thee the moft flouriſhing man
 Of all th' Athenians, and thou ſtill hadſt been ſo,
 Had not theſe ſmiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
 And murder'd thee with base ingratitude.
 His death pull'd on the poor *Evandra*'s too;
 That Miracle of Conftancy in Love.
 Now all repair to their reſpective homes,
 Their feveral Trades, their buſ'nes and diverſions;

And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battels, be you secure at home.

May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace;

And may its wealth and power ever increase.

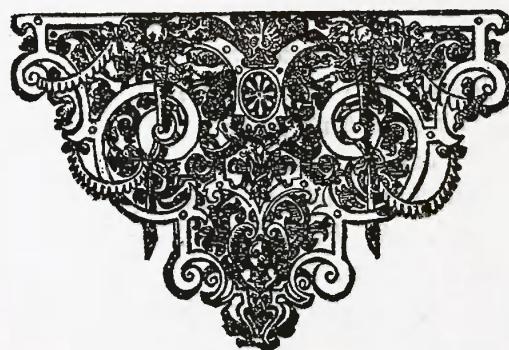
All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!

Liberty, Liberty, &c.

Epilogue.

If there were hopes that ancient solid Wit
 Might please within our new fantastick Pit;
 This Play might then support the Criticks shock,
 This Scien grafted upon Shakespears stock;
 For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive,
 Kept by the vertue of his sap alive.
 Though now no more substantial English Playes,
 Than good old Hospitality you praise;
 The time shall come when true old fence shall rise
 In Judgment over all your vanities.
 Slight kickshaw Wit o'th' Stage, French meat at Feasts,
 Now daily Tantalize the hungry Guests;
 While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
 And many hungry onsets would sustain.
 At these thin Feasts each Morfel's swallow'd down,
 And ev'ry thing but the Guests stomach's gone.
 At these new fashion'd Feasts you' have but a Tast,
 With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.
 This Jantee flightness to the French we owe,
 And that makes all flight Wits admire 'em so.
 They're of one Level, and with little pains
 The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
 But to hear English Wit there's use of brains.
 Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
 In want of Learning, Affection, Wit,
 And which is most, in Cloaths, wee'l ne'r submit.
 Their Ships or Plays o're ours shall ne're advance,
 For our Third Rates shall match the First of France
 With English Judges this may bear the Test,
 Who will for Shakespear's part forgive the rest.
 The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
 They cannot think enough to mind the Play.

F I N I S.



*They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,
Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;
Each here deux yeux and am'rous looks imparts,
Levells Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for vanity wou'd have 'em kind.*

No passion —

*But for their own Dear persons them can move,
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit, nor Beauty, their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own fence or persons like.
But to the men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must favour find,
They for Evandra's sake will sure be kind;
At least all those to constant Love inclin'd.*

FINIS.





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